The Sunday Oregonian.

VOL. I—NO. 3. PORTLAND, OREGON: SUNDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1881. PRICE—TEN CENTS.

RAILROADS

& California R. R. Co

Oct. 11, 1880, trains will run as follows

AILY, EXCEPT SUNDAYS)

Eastside Division.

PORTLAND TO ROSEBURG.

Mail Train. Mixed Train.

LEAVE. ARRIVE. LEAVE. ARRIVE.

7:30 A.M. Roseburg 3:00 P.M.

3:00 A.M. Portland 7:30 A.M.

Albany Express Train.

4:00 P.M. Albany 10:25 A.M.

4:45 A.M. Portland 9:30 P.M.

Freight Trains

Junction. Portland.

and Oakland. Oakland.

all regular trains on Pacific Division.

Westside Division.

PORTLAND TO CORVALLIS.

Mail Train.

LEAVE. ARRIVE.

8:30 A.M. Corvallis 4:30 P.M.

5:20 P.M. Portland 9:20 A.M.

tions made at Roseburg with Stages

and Oregon and California Railroads.

ble to all the Company's

ket at Company's office.

and Freight Rates, Portland, Or.

be charged on freight specified

rehouse over seventy-four hours.

not be received for shipment after 6

on either the East or Westside Divisions.

BRANDT, Gen'l Supt.

rn Pacific Railroa

PACIFIC DIVISION.

ALAMA TO TACOMA

AND

COMA TO WILKESON

(Coal Mines.)

Mail Line Trains Daily

LY (SUNDAYS EXCEPTED).

LEAVE. ARRIVE.

7:30 A. M. | Kalama | 10:30 A. M.

11:00 A. M. | Tacoma | 6:30 P.

Puyallup Road Trains.

LEAVE. ARRIVE.

1:05 P. M. | Carbonado | 12:

6:00 A. M. | Tacoma | 10:

Connections.

with Pacific Mail Steamships to

with Sound steamers for Victoria

and all points on Puget Sound.

with stage for Steilacoom.

with the Olympia and Tenino Railroad

with O. R. & N. Co.'s boats for Port

and steamship lines centering in

on Wednesday and Saturday at

for Fort Townsend, Victoria, Nanaimo

mer and Fraser River.

D'OREILLE DIVISION

Junction to Spokane Falls.

LY (SUNDAYS EXCEPTED).

LEAVE. ARRIVE.

7:30 A. M. | Spokane Falls | 5:30 P.

4:00 P. M. | Wallula Junction | 8:45 A.

Connections.

Junction with the O. R. & N. Co.'s

with the O. R. & N. Co.'s steamer

and all intermediate points on the

with stages for Medical Lake, Spo-

Falls with stages for Colfax, Port

Medical Lake, Spangle, Fort

and d'Oreille, and all points in

Through Tickets.

tets for sale at the principal office

and at the office of the O. R. & N.

regon, to Victoria and Seattle, and

steamships from Tacoma and S.

R. & N. Co.'s steamships from Port

ts to Portland, Oregon, for sale at

Tacoma and Tenino.

GUE. JOHN MUIR,

Sup't Trans. Pac. Div.

LIE, Sup't Dis. Div.

H. W. FAIRWEATHER,

Sup't Pend d'Oreille Div.

Answers

AC[illegible] 323 N

Successful Physician on the

Count in the Treatment of

NIC & DIFFICULT DISEASE

AN WILL GUARANTEE TO CU

of Disease of the genito-urinary organs.

He has become an expert in

disease, weakness and derangement

re organs of both male and female,

caused by the

OLLIES OF YOUTH,

MATORRHŒA, or SEMINAL WE

SS OF DEPENDENCY, Nervousness,

all the Chronic Diseases arising, as

directly, from some derangement of t

and yet this subject is neglected by t

Medical Profession.

persons who are unfortunate enough

any form of sexual disease have a

upon the proper physician in time, be

ready and scientific. From ignorance

ses disregarded so exist until their cond

corrupted, their organizations destr

hope of future happiness blighted, for

is a welcome messenger to carry hea

possible existence.

strictly confidential under all circum

be perfectly restored. Catarrh, Bod

Blood, Skin Diseases, Ulcers, Sore

ness, and all diseases of the Eye a

and Bladder, he can cure without t

n Fever, and a list of cases treated

ing not a shadow will be mentio

Question papers stamp for Reply.

at 134 Third St., opposite Masonic

Hours: 10 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 8 P. M.

Sundays—9 to 12 M. Consultation free.

DR. HERMAN & CO., Portland, Oreg

eat English Remedy

is a never-failing Cure

Nervous Debility, Seminal

ss, Spermatorrhœa, Im-

Impotency, Sexual

Paralysis, and all the

ble effects of Self-

Youthful Follies, and

ndence in maturer

such as Loss of Mem-

Lassitude, Nocturnal

ons, Aversion to

Dimness of Vision,

In the Head, Pain in the

Universal Prostration, and

Diseases that lead to

THE will agree to forfeit Five Hun-

case of this kind the VITALIA

Elixir his special advice and full

ctions, or for anything impure or hur-

ALIA ELIXIR is the only

rfully without mercury. Consultation

ersonal or by letter, free. Sold

ggists. Price of Vitalia Elixir, $1 per

four times the quantity; to be sent

on receipt of price, or to C. O. D. ex-

to be sent in private name, if desired, by

A. E. MINTIE, M. D.,

Sole Proprietor, San Francisco, Cal.

Sold by every druggist, San Francisco.

KIDNEY REMEDY.

Cures all kinds of Kidney

Gravel, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Leucorrhœa,

Prostatic Irritation, Stone in the Bladder,

disease; 25 a bottle, $2 bottles for $5.

DANDELION PILLS

DYSPEPSIA and BILIOUSNESS.

Cures all kinds of Dyspepsia, Indigestion,

Biliousness, Jaundice, Sick Headache, Dizziness,

Nausea, Drowsiness after eating, Distress after

Eating, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Joints,

and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c.

Sold by all druggists.

Manufactured by C. O. D. must be sent

at once (as a guarantee of good faith)

deducted when the package is opened.

HE UNFORTU

DR. GIBBON'S

DISPENSARY,

623 MARKET ST.,

corner of Comm

cal street, San Francisco.

Established in 1854.

the treatment of sexual a

Seminal diseases, such as

Spermatorrhœa, Impotency,

Gleet, Syphilis in all

Stricture, Orchitis, Seminal

Weakness, Lost Manhood, etc.

positively be cured. Persons

should not fail to call upon him.

treated successfully by letter. Medicines

everywhere. Those living in Europe, and

prevented from visiting this city, can

enjoy the various benefits they would

of valuable information, which is sent

Company, free of charge. Those living

Company, free of charge. Those living

at a distance may be cured at their homes

patients strictly. You are no one but

of medicine. Dr. Gibbon will please

one writing to Dr. Gibbon this advertise-

of the paper they see this advertise-

ress remember, 623 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

BOX, Box 1957, San Francisco, Cal.

JORDAN & CO.,

M OF ANATOM

Market St., San Francisco.

ls in California of the great Pro

ce consultation at the office, or by

ondence, privately or by letter, on

Disease of the Sexual Organs.

Loss of Manhood, Impotency, Syphilis,

Stricture, Ruptures, Cutarrh, Spermatorrhœa,

of the blood and skin, cured without

A valuable book on Marriage, sent free

Philosophy of Marriage," sent free

MARSHAL'S CITATION.

TATES OF AMERICA, DISTRICT OF

—Whereas, a libel of information

ed in the district court of Oregon, sitting

herein for the district of Oregon, on the

Nov., 1881, by Hoffman Miller,

Attorney, against the following-described

Viz: Eleven cases and 12 boxes of cigars,

kegs of whiskey, 5 cases of gin, and

which I by Mr. John S. Wright, in the

Stone at the port of Wrangell, in the

of Alaska, on the 22d day of October

of as forfeited to the United States,

and causes in said libel mentioned, and

inal prayers and monition of the said

ehalf be made, and that all persons

said merchandise may be cited to

ites, and all the proceedings had in the

ferred to in the premises may be

libel mentioned, be condemned for the

se of the United States, according to law

Statute in such case made and provided.

nesmance of the said monition and

said court, to be holden on the

he 24th day of January

ne and place, if any they have, why the

ee, or knowing or having any interest

ein, should not be condemned to the

ine shall not be remitted, and why

he United States, pursuant to the pra

f information, the city of Portland

district court, on the 24th day of Jan

ct, on Monday, the said day, to

ask in the forenoon, otherwise at the

a day of jurisdiction, then and there

ribed libel, and to make the rules

ion for the same and to have

ehalf.

EDWARD S. KEARNY,

U. S. Marshal for the Dist. of Oregon.

"WAGES."

[illegible] a merry, brook that ran,
[illegible] made my cottage door all day,
[illegible] if, as I sat and spun,
[illegible] a pleasant song always.

[illegible] my thread with mickle care;
[illegible] by night with my hand increased;
[illegible] crept by me unaware,
[illegible] brook dried up—the music ceased.

[illegible] it little, took small thought
[illegible] what was its merry din,
[illegible] its melody was wrought
[illegible] thread I set to spin.

II.

[illegible] a lark that sang most sweet
[illegible] the sunrise clouds so red;
[illegible] its nest lay near my feet,
[illegible] though he sang so high o'erhead.

[illegible] though he sang so loud and clear
[illegible] in the golden clouds above,
[illegible] nothing sang several wondrous near;
[illegible] filled it with the web I wove.

III.

[illegible] days' glory still drew on;
[illegible] autumn came; the Summer fled;
[illegible] that I loved was gone;
[illegible] was hushed—the singer dead.

IV.

[illegible] with a steadfast heart;
[illegible] gave praises, told on gold,
[illegible] the fewest hours;
[illegible] my wage in good red gold.

[illegible] and fine. I turned me back,
[illegible] my feast was in my throat—
[illegible] ran babbling down its track;
[illegible] killed out a tender note—

[illegible] and rush, and heat
[illegible] flowed red like stained blood,
[illegible] cool glass to my feet,
[illegible] song; and the babbling flood.

[illegible] me, and I went my way—
[illegible], empty way, alone,
[illegible] within my bosom lay;
[illegible] web of dreams was gone!

[illegible] paid my pay. No; in sooth,
[illegible] was paid for brook and bird.
[illegible] refined dreams of youth,
[illegible] the music that I heard.

[illegible] gone! The gold is mine,
[illegible] who bought it, can they see
[illegible] and fancies intertwine
[illegible] woven thread for me?

OPENED) AVENUES

Wealth in the City of Portland.

ONT YOU UNDERSTAND

Skilled Labor in Building up Cities—Future Outlook in Manufactures—Gunpowder, Etc.

[illegible] which Portland property-[illegible] to see their lots and houses in-[illegible]

[illegible] is not to be wondered at. She [illegible] quarter of a century from a [illegible] is a commercial city, having [illegible] in proportion to her popu-[illegible] city in America. She had two [illegible] career as a city, the first of [illegible] 1878, based wholly upon specula-[illegible] by a false inflation of values, [illegible] which came a terrible reaction [illegible] later. The second rise in prop-[illegible] the summer of 1878 and has been [illegible], based upon nothing but [illegible] and development of country [illegible] Portland. The grain of Wa[illegible]ounties, the wool of Wasco, [illegible]ont and Yakima, the flax seed [illegible]ounties, Spokan and Nez Perce, [illegible] of the counties aforesaid have [illegible] in the past four years. A [illegible] of immigration pouring into the [illegible] by the Columbia and its [illegible] gives a positive assurance that [illegible] produce from that quarter will [illegible] abate

THE NEXT TWO YEARS.

[illegible] us to see what is needed to [illegible] commercial prestige of this city. [illegible] property holders who seem [illegible] for the great flood-tide of pros-[illegible] wealth our city at or about the [illegible] period. Our most urgent [illegible] is an increase of storage room [illegible] Over a month ago the [illegible] of the O. R. & N. line at Walla [illegible] were forbidden to ship any [illegible] for 48 hours until further orders, as the [illegible] at this city were filled with loads [illegible] incompatible with safety. And [illegible] are fairly set in and the Co-[illegible] said to close at any time, sup-[illegible] advance in grain should take [illegible] ports of the Old World, what [illegible] toward meeting it? Notwithing, [illegible] should keep open all winter, [illegible] all more urgent for good, [illegible] than for time retail or [illegible] We need good grain depots [illegible] rapidly increasing trade of the vast

ANOTHER URGENT NEED

[illegible] yard at East Portland to facili-[illegible] ments. Eastern Oregon is the [illegible] producing section, as land in the [illegible] valley is rapidly becoming too val-[illegible] for grazing purposes. Agriculture is [illegible] less dependency of the valley coun-[illegible] the corn producing states, all [illegible] grown at one end and all the beef [illegible] at the other. No man can buy as many cattle [illegible] he can in eastern Oregon, but in [illegible] thousand head he would have to deal [illegible] a hundred men, while in eastern [illegible] could buy them all of one man or [illegible]. In the corn states every well-[illegible] stall-feeds ten or a dozen steers [illegible] snowy months, whereas your eastern [illegible] thinks it extravagance to cook up [illegible] they can let his steers nibble it during [illegible] winter. At present, if a man in Sa-[illegible] wants beef, he sends word [illegible] [illegible] is sent to The Dalles to [illegible] from Yakima or Ochoco; but [illegible] stock yard established on the Chi-[illegible] though on a smaller scale, of course, [illegible] man could come down here in the [illegible] and go home at night with just what [illegible] wanted. It would also

INCREASE THE DEMAND

[illegible] forage from the farms along the [illegible] of the lower Columbia and give our [illegible] merchants increased sales of merchandise [illegible] from the mouth of Lewis and Clark rivers. It [illegible] said, in our belief, to a direct exportation [illegible] of slaughtered beef to San Francisco [illegible] the winter months by the construc-[illegible] of refrigerators in the holds of the ocean [illegible] steamers. It is true, that San Francisco now [illegible] its beef from the sage brush pastures [illegible] Nevada; cattle being shipped chiefly from [illegible] Winnemucca and Battle Mountain; but by [illegible] the beef abroad, the shipper would [illegible] the freight money that is now paid on [illegible] hides and tallow, and the wool of Wasco, [illegible] Yakima counties, Spokan and Nez Perce, [illegible] of the counties aforesaid have [illegible] in the past four years. A [illegible] of immigration pouring into the [illegible] by the Columbia and its [illegible] gives a positive assurance that [illegible] produce from that quarter will [illegible] abate

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INCREASE THE DEMAND

Why should Oregon export crude tallow all the way to Baltimore and then pay freight all the way back? If they cannot be made at Portland at figures which will enable us to compete with eastern manufacturers, they can be made at a profit by means of the wonderful water power of Oregon City. The inauguration of such an enterprise would keep a great deal of money in the state which now goes out of it, besides giving labor and wages to people now unemployed.

DOMESTIC SOAPS

Are made here from beef tallow mostly, while the mutton fat is nearly all exported for candle purposes. Tallow rendered out by steam is also exported to San Francisco, whence it is in turn shipped to the Chilean and Peruvian ports. The people of that country prefer it to lard for cooking purposes, so long as it is half-way sweet and fresh. They are dead in love with oleomargarine and pray nightly for a fresh supply of "bull butter," which they appear to like fully as well as the precipitated bovine extract that our own fancy associates with cowslips and daffodils, and red-cheeked dairymaids with tapering ankles and flat straw hats looped up at the side. San Francisco soaps of inferior quality hold the market here, while for fancy soaps the New York and Philadelphia factories take advantage of the special rates by railroad, that have done so much toward stifling home industries on the Pacific Coast. Candles of inferior grade have, from time to time, been made in San Francisco but the chandlery business is about confined to soap making.

LINSEED OIL

Can be manufactured here as cheaply as in any part of America, if men only go to work about it in the right way. An attempt was made of this kind at Salem, some years ago, and failed merely because the parties were doing business upon borrowed capital. It was shown in their insolvency schedule that in less than six years they had paid in interest to the party of whom they had borrowed the money, a sum exceeding the amount originally loaned them. This failure was, thereabove, just as apt to have overtaken men in any other branch of industry which required capital to develop it. A flouring mill, a brewery, or an iron foundry would have met the same fate under like circumstances. It argues nothing against the safety of the investment if the parties have no interest to pay. The great productive power of the alkali flats of Stevens and Spokane counties (W. T.) guarantee an abundant supply of the raw material whenever proper applicances for working it up are erected. It would also seem that we should at least be able to make our own twine for fishing nets, but, as yet no one has been able to work up the flax product and compete with the Irish fabrics.

BEET SUGAR.

Is another industry in which Oregon can safely afford to invest some of her surplus capital; and although the plantation and sugary cannot very well be located within ten miles of Portland, yet the money would have to come from this city and it would be an important factor in Portland's future prosperity. Should the present congress repeal the odious reciprocity treaty, the old-time trade of Oregon with the Sandwich Islands might be revived and the lost sugar business would not pay so well. But if the treaty be allowed to stand, the best investment will be a good one. To begin with, the sugar beet crop exhausts the soil less than wheat, oats, rye or any other of the cereals, nor, so Prince, Ralston and Lyons have proved, does it possess any peculiarly deleterious qualities. Secondly, no process has yet been devised that can extract more than seventy-two per cent. of the sugar, and consequently the residue must be left to the unfailible chemistry of nature. At all the sugaries in the Sacramento valley the beet pulp is fed to oxen which command a ready sale, especially in the winter months. Beet sugar is very fine grained and is never so white as cane sugar but it is preferred by

BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS,

For its ductile qualities which enable them the better to ornament their wares. Until within a few years it has been imported from France at a great cost but now it is extensively made in the border states. Great objection is made in the eastern counties of Oregon, on the ground that the alkali in the soil will interfere with proper crystalization of the sugar, but we were shown a French paper about a year ago which complained bitterly of the decline of this industry as the alkali in the soil was being exhausted by incessant repetition of the beet crop. Therefore, if alkali is all that is needed, the Columbia basin should afford thousands of acres of available land for sugar production. M. G. Marsillot, now an engineer on one of the reverse cutters, put up every set of sugar machinery now used in the Sacramento valley and can give more useful information in an hour than we can tell you in a month. It would pay well to establish this industry here, especially if the reciprocity treaty is not interfered with by the present congress.

GUNPOWDER

Is something at which the proverbial caution of the average Oregonian is inclined to rebel and button up his pockets; but risky as it is, it would have been a good thing if some of the money that has gone into Con. Virginia, Sierra Nevada and California mining stocks had been put into a powder mill. Suppose it had blown up? Even then, it would merely have gone off with a good report of its own and all the beef in eastern Oregon, but in the meantime a man can buy as many cattle there as he can in eastern Oregon, but in the meantime a man can buy as many cattle there as he can in eastern Oregon, but in thousand head he would have to deal with a hundred men, while in eastern Oregon he could buy them all of one man or a few. In the corn states every well-to-do farmer stall-feeds ten or a dozen steers during the snowy months, whereas your eastern farmer thinks it extravagance to cook up the refuse corn they can let his steers nibble it during the winter. At present, if a man in San Francisco wants beef, he sends word to his butcher, who sends word to Ochoco; but a stock yard established on a smaller scale, of course, a man could come down here in the evening and go home at night with just what he wanted. It would also

INCREASE THE DEMAND

Of wealth in Oregon are more in number than those we have named above, and we hope that everybody will regard the proposition as we do. In many cases incorporation will be needed, but the money of small contributors will be safer in factories than in the "holes in the ground" in Nevada, where they have been putting them for the past ten years. The next year will bring to our doors the trade of southern Idaho, which we have not had for the past thirteen years. It will be hailed as a blessing, and will stiffen the upper lip of every branch of business. We must sell them everything that we can make, and give them no cause for complaint as to quality of goods. They are a bullion-producing people, and we want their money. We cannot hope to catch it nor hold it long unless we give them, in every instance, a fair and just equivalent.

Helping out a Brother Crank.

[Stockton Independent.]

We notice that Dr. Thomas North is the only witness called by Scoville in the Guiteau trial that positively testifies that the prisoner is insane. According to his opinion the whole family are more or less cracked. Who is Dr. North? For many years he was a Methodist preacher, a member of the Rock River conference, and after drifting from place to place in accordance with the itinerancy system, was at last appointed pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Freeport, Illinois. Here he fell under the influence of one Martin P. Sweet, an ex-minister, but at that time a prominent lawyer and politician. Sweet tried several sorts of religion and at last claims he had found rest and repentance for his sore conscience among the easy-going Lotus-eaters of the Oneida community, and contemplated to spend as he could wind up his affairs to make his home among them. He was a very fascinating man, fine-looking, an eloquent speaker and very enthusiastic in his new faith, and North being mentally flabby, a conscience as stretchy as an elastic suspender, fond of browsing on new pastures, and growing a little bit tired of living on the dividends of his treasure in heaven, was easily persuaded to give up his church, retire from the ministry and prepare to accompany Sweet to the Oneida community. The sudden death of Sweet and the restraints of social influence caused North to change his mind, and after pottering around the county clerk's office for a few months floated to Texas and tried clerking in a store. The war breaking out he commenced preaching again in connection with the Southern Methodists, as he afterwards boasted, merely to save himself from being drafted into the rebel service. Managing to make his escape, he came to Chicago, and wrote a book, that nobody read but a great many of his old friends bought as an act of charity. He is now practicing law in Chicago and managing to live out of the paltry business he picks up "hanging around the police court. He is as worthless and unscrupulous a dead beat as Guiteau, and his evidence is merely one crank trying to help a brother crank out of trouble.

THE TURF AND PADDOCK.

Something about Trotting Horses in the Land of We-floot.

HORSES FOR EXPORT EASTWARD.

Kisber's Death and how to Replace Him—The Vermont Family as Roadsters—Value of Weight-Pullers at the East.

Up to the present date the nutritious pastures of Oregon have exported nothing to the Atlantic seaboard except beef cattle, while to Montana and Wyoming they have sent sheep for one or two seasons. But the high prices of pasture lands at the east are advancing values of horses to such an extent that Oregon can be hereafter fairly considered a competitor with Ohio, Kansas, Missouri, Iowa and Indiana, in the matter of good horses for livery and hack work, just as California is now competing successfully with Kentucky and Tennessee in the production of trotters and racehorses. In a recent conversation with C. W. Lang, the greatest cattle-drover in America, who is now visiting The Dalles on a business trip, he said: "I have never seen any section of America that surpassed eastern Oregon for horses of real merit. They all have sound feet, hard and bony legs, good size and muscle and the best breathing apparatus of any lot of horses I ever saw. Whenever eastern Oregon breeders introduce equally good sires to those in use in the Mississippi valley states, they must realize immense profits in proportion to the value of their lands."

THE COST OF PASTURAGE

Is one of the greatest items to the average Kentucky breeder, and when you look at the fact that the recent sale of M. H. Sanford's North Elkhorn stud farm was made to Mr. Dan Swigert at the rate of $202 per acre, you can begin to realize what it costs to produce a horse in such a country. You must also remember, moreover, that these farms are stocked with the most costly stallions and brood mares in America, and that what we are disposed to term "fancy prices" are matters of every day occurrence with those breeders. But it is not everybody who can afford to buy such horses to start breeding with, and when land is constantly increasing in value a man cannot afford to waste it in producing horses for ordinary purposes. He must employ it in some avocation that will yield a larger margin of profit in return for the pains that he is necessarily compelled to bestow upon any business to which he looks for his living. And it is out of this stringency that Oregon's opportunity will arise. Our vast acres of bunch-grass will furnish the bone, but energy and enterprise must first introduce the pure blood necessary to found a race of horses that

WILL SURPASS ALL OTHERS

In size, form and durability, with speed as a secondary consideration. The horses sent eastward from Oregon must be serviceable for the express wagon, the doctor's gig, the country parson's saddle with its bag of shirts and sermons, and the merchant's buggy, in which he takes his vacation after the day's heated labor in the counting-room. The recent exhibition of Stanford's youngsters at San Francisco ought to set city Oregon ans that our state cannot compete with California in producing turf horses, solely for climatic reasons. The dry seasons in California are so much longer than in Oregon and the winters so much milder, that a two-year-old that has been treated as Governor Stanford's two-year-olds have been, is more thoroughly developed than any Oregon four-year-old has yet shown to be. But for actual service as good roadsters, capable of giving their purchasers value received in every instance, we have seen no proof as yet that California horses surpass those of Oregon. The best roadster ever taken to San Francisco in the twenty-nine years that we have resided on the coast, was Mountain Boy, bred by James McDonough, of Jackson county; and the best road horse out of New York, last winter, was Parrott, taken thither by S. G. Reed of this city. Both these horses were

SONS OF VERMONT.

A small brown stallion of great substance, brought to California in 1859 by two dairymen named Murray, who lived near the Pioneer course on the old road from San Francisco to San Jose. He trotted one or two races with indifferent success, being continually overmatched, until his owners sold him to Jones & Rockwell who brought him to Oregon. Had his real worth as a stock horse been appreciated here as Bellfounder's was at Walla Walla, he might have added at least a quarter of a million dollars to the taxable property of this state. But he reached here during the six hundred yard craze which led breeders to eschew such sires as Marshall and Bitt-man and to breed from horses like the sire of Comet and Amanda Fordham. Hence his best and most vigorous years were spent in obscurity; and in his old age he was re-purchased and sent back to California by Jesse D. Carr, but it was too late to do any good. After the old horse was gone, then his prepotency as a sire became manifest. One of his sons, a horse known as Pfenninger's Mike, is kept near Yreka, Cal., and two of Mike's get have trotted below 2:30. Two great bay mares Faustina, owned by Mrs. L. E. L. Luper, of Boise City, is also a daughter of Vermont, and the writer is firm in the belief that with two tons in a wagon, say a total weight of seven hundred pounds, she is one of the fastest mares in America.

TWENTY YEARS HENCE

Vermont will be remembered as "the stone which the builders rejected," and every mare with a Vermont cross in her will be greedily picked up for model breeding farms like the great haram at Reedville. Another great loss was that of Champion Knox, owned by James N. Brackett, of Grant county. He was cast in the same "heroic mould" as Vermont, having equal substance proportioned to a greater size. His action was superb and his ability to pull weight almost incredible. The Knox family of horses are not good stayers, as a rule but this family are more or less cracked. Who is Dr. North? For many years he was a Methodist preacher, a member of the Rock River conference, and after drifting from place to place in accordance with the itinerancy system, was at last appointed pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Freeport, Illinois. Here he fell under the influence of one Martin P. Sweet, an ex-minister, but at that time a prominent lawyer and politician. Sweet tried several sorts of religion and at last claims he had found rest and repentance for his sore conscience among the easy-going Lotus-eaters of the Oneida community, and contemplated to spend as he could wind up his affairs to make his home among them. He was a very fascinating man, fine-looking, an eloquent speaker and very enthusiastic in his new faith, and North being mentally flabby, a conscience as stretchy as an elastic suspender, fond of browsing on new pastures, and growing a little bit tired of living on the dividends of his treasure in heaven, was easily persuaded to give up his church, retire from the ministry and prepare to accompany Sweet to the Oneida community. The sudden death of Sweet and the restraints of social influence caused North to change his mind, and after pottering around the county clerk's office for a few months floated to Texas and tried clerking in a store. The war breaking out he commenced preaching again in connection with the Southern Methodists, as he afterwards boasted, merely to save himself from being drafted into the rebel service. Managing to make his escape, he came to Chicago, and wrote a book, that nobody read but a great many of his old friends bought as an act of charity. He is now practicing law in Chicago and managing to live out of the paltry business he picks up "hanging around the police court. He is as worthless and unscrupulous a dead beat as Guiteau, and his evidence is merely one crank trying to help a brother crank out of trouble.

OTHER EXAMPLES

Might be quoted, but the case is clearer between Mobile and Atlanta than any others we can now remember. Let Portland take advantage of this lesson and study it to her profit. She is already a great exporter of grain as Mobile was of cotton. She can defy all present rivalry beyond a doubt, but when the Northern Pacific railroad is connected and the O. & C. R. R. is made a continuous line to San Francisco, then a change may threaten her. She must be prepared for it, and the best way she can forestall it is to encourage and build up manufactures. She can turn out better household furniture than San Francisco, and at less cost, already. Two years ago the representatives of a large billiard table factory in the east visited here and the writer endeavored to persuade him to locate here permanently. He declined doing so on the ground that his salesroom must be in San Francisco, and for that reason his factory must be there also. He now expresses his regret at not having located in Portland where he could have saved

"A BAR'L OF MONEY"

In the single item of rent alone. Add to that the difference in fuel, water for boilers and a score of minor items and the showing he made was really astonishing. People must begin looking into manufactures, as the future mainstay of Portland. Perhaps it was this that Mr. Villard meant when he declared that Portland was "wholly unprepared for the prosperity which awaited her." He certainly did not intend it as a sneer. He meant every word of it too, in a kindly and fraternal spirit, feeling that he had a common sentiment with the men who buy, sell with whom he and his friends had, on account of the capital it will require to build up any people. The South tried that proposition once to its cost and its sorrow. It is a happy combination of agriculture and manufactures that makes a people prosperous, and such we hope will be the condition of Oregon in general and Portland in particular.

THE UNOPENED AVENUES

Of wealth in Oregon are more in number than those we have named above, and we hope that everybody will regard the proposition as we do. In many cases incorporation will be needed, but the money of small contributors will be safer in factories than in the "holes in the ground" in Nevada, where they have been putting them for the past ten years. The next year will bring to our doors the trade of southern Idaho, which we have not had for the past thirteen years. It will be hailed as a blessing, and will stiffen the upper lip of every branch of business. We must sell them everything that we can make, and give them no cause for complaint as to quality of goods. They are a bullion-producing people, and we want their money. We cannot hope to catch it nor hold it long unless we give them, in every instance, a fair and just equivalent.

Helping out a Brother Crank.

[Stockton Independent.]

We notice that Dr. Thomas North is the only witness called by Scoville in the Guiteau trial that positively testifies that the prisoner is insane. According to his opinion the whole family are more or less cracked. Who is Dr. North? For many years he was a Methodist preacher, a member of the Rock River conference, and after drifting from place to place in accordance with the itinerancy system, was at last appointed pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Freeport, Illinois. Here he fell under the influence of one Martin P. Sweet, an ex-minister, but at that time a prominent lawyer and politician. Sweet tried several sorts of religion and at last claims he had found rest and repentance for his sore conscience among the easy-going Lotus-eaters of the Oneida community, and contemplated to spend as he could wind up his affairs to make his home among them. He was a very fascinating man, fine-looking, an eloquent speaker and very enthusiastic in his new faith, and North being mentally flabby, a conscience as stretchy as an elastic suspender, fond of browsing on new pastures, and growing a little bit tired of living on the dividends of his treasure in heaven, was easily persuaded to give up his church, retire from the ministry and prepare to accompany Sweet to the Oneida community. The sudden death of Sweet and the restraints of social influence caused North to change his mind, and after pottering around the county clerk's office for a few months floated to Texas and tried clerking in a store. The war breaking out he commenced preaching again in connection with the Southern Methodists, as he afterwards boasted, merely to save himself from being drafted into the rebel service. Managing to make his escape, he came to Chicago, and wrote a book, that nobody read but a great many of his old friends bought as an act of charity. He is now practicing law in Chicago and managing to live out of the paltry business he picks up "hanging around the police court. He is as worthless and unscrupulous a dead beat as Guiteau, and his evidence is merely one crank trying to help a brother crank out of trouble.

by Guy Miller, one of his oldest sons. His best record was 2:44 at nine years old, while Kisber knocked the block out of 2:30 without a struggle. Irrington was a high-priced horse, but it is not claimed that he was any such turf horse as Kisber, although he is outbreeding any horse in California except Electioneer, and there are some who think he would surpass even him with equal opportunities. Irvington belongs to William Corbitt, of Corbitt & Rackley. Mr. Corbitt should purchase Faustina, and then he might give Governor Stanford a close rub. The Governor's stallion, Electioneer, is proving himself a great horse. Three such colts as Fred Crocker, Wildflower and Linda Rose, in three short years, are enough to stamp him a patriarch of the trotting turf. When the Governor bought him, it was said that he was an inferior horse to his stable companion, General Benton. The "inexorable logic of events" has shown that the Governor could better afford to give General Benton "away to any man that would ride him off, than to sell Electioneer for thirty thousand dollars.

THE ORLOFF TROTTERS.

A Russian strain of horses, are attracting much attention at the east from their great size, compact form and heavy bone, rather than for any great pretentions to speed as yet. It is well known that a Russian *droschky*, or sleigh, is drawn by three horses, the middle one trotting in a pair of shafts while the outside ears are rigged somewhat in advance of him and gallop along with the sleigh. This is something like the team races that old Ethan Allen used to trot in double harness with the thoroughbred mare Charlotte F. as a running mate. Will the Orloff trotter is the Russian horse that goes in the middle between two running mates. Classed with the Messenger of the past century, rather than with the finely-bred trotters of today, the Orloff horse is a horse of grand proportions and immense stamina. His blood should be encouraged and imported freely, because it is undeniable that in breeding for speed as we have been doing we have bred more for muscle than for bone. Again, the Orloff horse is the model coach horse, being about sixteen hands high and weighing never less than 1200 pounds. He is short-legged, with cannon bones that never throw out splints and hocks that never curb. The want of

REALLY FINE COACH HORSES

Has never been more apparent than now. The Hiatoga family of horses, of which Olieftain, Defiance and old Jim Barton were the best exponents on this coast are big coarse brutes with mullish ears and sour-looking heads. Power they have, beyond doubt, and a good turn of speed; but they are sadly wanting in that aristocratic bearing which is the great requisite for a coach horse. A man in Baker county is breeding for a coach team at the writer's suggestion. He has a big mare sired by a young Percheron horse, which he is breeding to the thoroughbred horse Chesapeake a racehorse of fine size, big form, aristocratic lineage and undeniable prowess on the turf. He has the largest son of Lexington on this whole Pacific coast, a dark bay in color, standing over sixteen hands high. To mate him with a roomy mare of great substance, guarantees a progeny that will have the power to pull weight, coupled with high form and good shape. Speaking of coach horses, the brothers Eastman, of the Overland hotel in Boise have a pair of sorrel roans whose color is the only objection that the most fastidious judge could urge against them. They are by the Walla Walla horse, Snow Storm, and can trot on a road-buggy inside of 3:20. One morning in August the writer was one of a party to ride in a Brewster rockaway behind them, and never did we see the same loaf whirled over the ground at such a pace. Were they coal-black or cappled greys, they would sell high in New York or Boston.

THE EASTERN HORSE FANCIES

Are wide awake upon the question of pulling weight, and no horse ever opened their eyes wider than did Mr. Reed's horse Parrott, that died in New York last winter. Unable to trot bot or than 2:22 in harness on a race-track, he showed himself able to throw the dust in the face of more than a dozen horses that had record records of 2:20. It has got to be so in New York that unless a horse can pull weight he is valuable only for gambling purposes; and such has been the amount of jobbery in trotting races for several years past, that a track horse can win but little. Hence with the advantages ever possessed by California, already enumerated above, our breeders must breed for the foal and use only sires from well known weight-pulling families. How to replace Kisber, we hardly know, certainly no horse of his own strain of blood can fill the bill. Our own fancy has no the requisite meant would be that stallion Homer, owned near Lexington, Ky. He has a record of 2:26, is of good size and perfect temper, and is in every way calculated to become a reproducer of his own excellent qualities. But before we can hope to make the breeding of the road horses a profitable specialty in Oregon, we must have better roads; and to obtain them we need different style of legislation upon roads and highways. The present system is not sufficiently compulsory to suit the emergency.

JUDGE COX.

Scandalous License Allowed the Atrocious Assassin—The Whole Nation Shocked and Outraged.

[New York World, Dec. 4.]

We observe with disposition on the part of some of our contemporaries to congratulate the country that what they call fair play is so conspicuously shown to Guiteau, and that his trial proceeds precisely as if he had shot a fellow-tramp instead of shooting the chief magistrate of a nation. Our contemporaries labor under a great mistake. Judge Cox would never have allowed Guiteau such license in court had he been on trial for shooting a fellow tramp. Judge Cox from the first has allowed Guiteau to assume for himself the importance which belonged to his deed by reason of the eminent station of his victim. Throughout the trial Judge Cox has strained the law, in our humble

The Daily Ore

SATURDAY MORNING.

THE LITTLE BEGGAR. A QUEY.

'Twas on a bitter winter's
I saw a stranger, pitiable
The streets were gloomy,
The air with falling sno

A little ragged beggar child
Went running through the
He looked as if he never
As if he never had been w

Sudden, he spied beneath h
A faded buttonhole bouq
Trampled and wet with rai
Withered and worthless, t

He stumbled, seized it with
Stood still and shook it fr
Into his coat he pinned it u
His eyes lit up with ecsta

He sauntered on, all pleasu
His face transformed to a
And lingered that the hurr
Might chance to see that

The man who threw the flo
Never one-half such plea
The flowers' best work was
In cheerless up that begga

All me, too often we forget,
Happy in these good hou
How many in this world ar
Glad even of the withere
—*H. H. in the Chr*

HOW IT EN

Miss Jane Beagle had liv
this wicked world to kno
blessedness is not always pe
th its possessor of her p
beauty; she had flirted wit
but she went too far when
Winkum because he was po
Billy had in him that stuff
rise in some place—opinion
voice, a feeling that he was
else, if not a little better
fourth of July orations. S
which had changed his
"that there handsome Jan
Jane Beagle, that hasn't ev
risen in the world and had
and was a person of such
one would have dared to ca
um. Mr. William Warri
his designation; a finer co
chain, or a larger diamon
ownod by no one in Billber

He had never married,
him all the more desirable
He had met Jane very o
Jane would very willingly
that her declive no of m
been repeated of. Alas! e
Warrington Winkum no l
that no, or he regarded it s

"And yet he hasn't marri
"and he don't flirt round
girls, nor pay attention to
a gray hair. He is five yea
any way. Suppose he shot

However, concealment di
like a worm in the bud o
rington. Winkum's damask
on the platform at electio
lung power, and he built
the hill wherein he installe
remarkable old grandmoth
fourteen children, and at
talks, and eat with an one
a woman of forty.

Oh that house with it
new shutters, its elabora
chimneys, its balcony and
interior of Wilton carpets
and velvet parlor furnitur
Beagle said to herself:

"A I this might have bee
yes to Billy. She said it t
one day, about nonsense
was doing her best with th
that was all her own now,
had slipped out of it—s
some were dead—nobody r

"I don't think I can stan
sighed Jane. "I must take
thing. Nobody to speak
feel sick, nobody to do for

Jane was down in the kit
as she spoke. The rag ca
the line outside. The r
well scrubbed, were turne
dry, every pan shown bean
was worm eaten, and the s
would not make the walls
"Heigh-ho!" sighed Jan
some house, but I shan't
own."

She said it aloud—a bab
self had grown upon her—
she was answered on the it

"Why, who knows!" said
have the handsomest hous
Who knows? Don't you
now?"

"Good gracious!" said J
feet. "who is that?"

"It's only me, ma'am,"
woman, with a big stra
poppies on her ears, who s
smiled at her merrily. "I
wandering over the wor
times for them. Will y
lady?"

"Mine?" said Jane, lau
too old."

"You are young enough
of you, lady," said the g
twenty-five cents to hear
Besides, luck is misused
not on the lookout for it.

What woman does n
most heart that there are
and earth than are dream

What single woman do
upon earth's fate keeps
soul?

"I would be awfully f
nobody will ever know,

She felt in her pocke
was not there. She had
bered, to the man that
be for that morning.
drawer of the little bod
desk in it, which stood
get it. The gypsy fo
laughing, hinting at
blushes to Jane's check.
drawer. There lay the s
the sugar tongs, a br
Jane's only costly bit of
bills. Miss Beagle drew
a quarter, and kept it in
the savings bank, which
ment for a while.

The bright eyes, set clo
sy's head, saw all at a
was very bright as Miss
five cents into her hand.

"I have taken a notic
looking at the palm o
youthful hand that lay it
afore you. There's one
off, eh?"

Jane blushed again.

"He'll give you a han
you up in a carriage," ad
own up, lady, your hear
not?"

"He does not care
sighed Jane, unaware th

"Lady," said the gyps
great power. I can bri
tod. I can cure love
you and he shall come fo

"What am I to do?
away by her own emot
dramatic manner.

"I'll tell you, lady," s
down here beside this
your face with this hat
afraid, it's clean; it is
Now think of him. Th
and don't move until I t

People in love are gen
am afraid, and Jane had
uring the image of Mr.
in her heart for years.
sy bade her.

The next moment she
tled tightly over her eye
were tied also with a sto

She screamed, but s
foot together.

"It's no use, lady," s
blandly. "I've got the
I shan't hurt you. I'll
go."

The spoons jingled.
ses, but she knew tha
drawer were being tra
peeted, and she screame

About an hour after
William Warrington Wi
house in a buggy. He
stopped to gather a bun
fence from a full bus
had pulled flacs for h
he put them to his nos

"Something is the ma
out stopping to tie bi
garden and up the path

The kitchen was temp
on the floor, the "full
dons that as she departe
heard. William rushe
and found Jane with
black silk handkerchief
bound.

In a moment he had
she sat in her chair. "Such a sight!" she said to herself; but Mr. William Warrington Winkum noticed that she had nice plump arms under her tucked-up sleeves, and that her big fr ghtened eyes were blue indeed. Happily, she had not shed a tear.

"I've been tied here for I don't know how long, Mr. Winkum," she said. "Oh, how thankful I am you came by. I have been robbed of everything I have—my silver, my enemies, my jewelry. What I shall do I don't know."

"Unprotected women," said Mr. Winkum, "are the legitimate prey of the unscrupulous. Such a case as yours cries aloud to Heaven for redress. Be comforted, madam, I will see you righted."

Jane looked up at him through her tears. He was a handsome man, and his manner was very kind. She felt that she could trust him.

"Will you?" she said. "Oh, how good you are! I am a poor lone girl, and I have no one to help me."

"Be comforted," said Mr. Winkum, "I will see you righted. Command me in all things. Where is the villain?"

"He has gone to the village, I suppose," said Jane, "to get his horse shod. He said he would be back in an hour."

"Then I have time to see you safely home," said Mr. Winkum, "and to return and punish the villain. Where does he live?"

"Next door to the post-office," said Jane.

"Then I will see you home first," said Mr. Winkum, "and then I will return and punish him."

Jane was delighted at the prospect of a drive in a buggy with Mr. Winkum, and he accordingly ordered General Evans' brigade, which was on his extreme left, at Goose creek, to withdraw and change his position. Gen. Evans was a man who, at times, drank lic nor too excess, and on the morning of the receipt of his orders to change his position had received a bottle of whisky, of which he drank to much for the good of our cause; as it was, under the stimulus of the whisky he resolved to have a fight before he left. Accordingly he postponed compliance with his orders and marched from his position and attacked great influence with him.

FEEBLE LADIES.

Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing a to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its elasticity, driving the bloom from your cheeks, that continual strain upon your vital forces rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvellous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once, while the special cause of periods at pain is permanently removed. Will you heed this? —*Cincinnati Saturday N pit.*

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 18, 1881.

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

The winds upon the wave are sleeping,
And softly murmureth the sea;
The stars in heaven's blue canopy
With the bright moon their watch are keeping.

And by that light so calmly dipping
Beneath the bridge, between the piers,
I see the glittering spars and spears
Of sails, close-reefed upon the shipping.

I mark the boatman, late and lonely,
In silence fast'ning his scull,
Glide slowly past the distant hulls,
That look like giant shadows only.

And from the darkness of the city,
As from a weary heart, doth come
The wail of a regretful hum,
That wakes an answering cry of pity.

For, cold with care, a child of sorrow
Kneels down to meet the cruel wave;
Alack! it were a peaceful grave,
It were a loveab e to-morrow!

Poor heart! to weep when all the heaven
Is glistening in the joy of light;
Poor heart! to sorrow most at night,
When care and sorrow are forgiven.

And now a hand in anguish dashes
Away a cloud of tears that tinge
The fair white light of heaven, and fringe
The drooping border of her lashes.

Anon a hand is raised above her,
And in sad melody a prayer
Goes upward— up the altar stair,
For maiden frail, and faithless lover.

The lights beside the water shiver,
The sails close-reefed shake on the mast,
As slowly, slowly goeth past
A sweet white face adown the river.

In tangled mass the hair is streaming,
That lately curled in pride of love,
The sightless eyes are fixed above,
Wide open, blind to moonlight beaming.

And cast adrift, and unforgiven,
Ye say that soul will be at last,
That love is lost, that heaven will blast;
Ah! nought know ye of love or heaven.
—*Chambers' Journal.*

THE PANAMA CANAL.

What the Toronto Mail Thinks of the Interoceanic Ditch—A Herculean Undertaking.

The Unhealthy Climate of the Isthmus and Worthlessness of Local Labor—The "Heathen Chinee in Demand."

Mr. H. A. Woods, superintendent of the Panama railroad, has been interviewed on the subject of the Panama canal scheme. He talks foul exceedingly of the New York dailies for misrepresentation and lying. The amount of disease is neither phenomenal or abnormal. There is, of course, the usual malarial fever, and this the papers style "Panama fever," very little differing from the ague or intermittent fever of Detroit, or Michigan and the west generally. In the dry or winter season (being from December to April) there is very little of it is, but is more prevalent in the rainy months, May to December. It rarely assumes a malignant type and generally yields to treatment, and, by the way

THE CLIMATIC EFFECTS

Are such that two or to fifteen grains of quinine there are only equivalent to six or seven in Detroit. Yellow fever is neither epidemic nor has it ever been epidemic. There have, of course, been sporadic cases of that disease, but of cholera not one. In fact in mortuary statistics the isthmus contrasts favorably with New Orleans. For some distance back from the Atlantic the land is low and marshy but around Panama it is generally high. The French employes died off because they were too enamoured of Parisian ideas and food to conform to the sanitary requisities of the climate.

THE INTER-OCEANIC CANAL.

Mr. Woods, in speaking of the progress of of the work on the canal, said DeLesseps first visited the isthmus in January, 1880, and last January his corps of engineers put in an appearance. Since then they have made thorough surveys of the entire route, and also of the bays of Aspinwall and Panama. They have bored all along the line to ascertain the earth strata, and will soon be ready to commence the excavat ons, probably by the middle of December. The company is now receiving large quantities of machinery and implements from Paris, and building material from New York.

THE ROUTE.

The Atlantic end of the canal will be at Aspinwall, up the valley of the Chagres river, through the lowest part of the mountains, but it s not yet decided whether to follow down the head of the Rio Grande river to Panama bay to the left of the city of Panama, or go down the Pacific slope a short distance to the right of the city. The general agent of the company is now in Paris, however, and all these minor details have been arranged ere this. It may be added that very many people think that in crossing the isthmus they go from east to west, whereas the isthmus crooks away to the southward at this point and Panama is nearly due south from Aspinwall. The villages along the line are inhabited by natives. The canal company is estab lishing a village at Gatun, seven miles from Aspinwall and another at Empire thirteen miles from Panama, near the summit of the mountains. These are to be the headquarters of the company. The general offices of the company are at Panama, where they have purchased and converted to their use the only first-class hotel in the city.

THE MOUNTAINS AND STREAMS EN ROUTE.

The height of the mountains, a continuation of the Cordilleras chain, traversing the isthmus, is about 700 feet. On the Pacific side the rise is about five miles, and on the Atlantic side seven miles. For twelve miles they will have a cut of 100 to 325 feet in depth, it being proposed to make the bed of the canal thirty feet below tide water level. The rices will cause them considerable expense, for while the flood tide at Panama is fifteen feet it is but eighteen inches at Aspinwall. This difference would send a powerful current through the canal from the Pacific to the Atlantic. To prevent this a tide-water will be built at Panama. The borings as yet made are either through solid rock or a heavy red clay that, when wet, is frightfully tenacious. These borings were entirely satisfactory.

THE GREATEST DIFFICULTY

To be surmounted is the Chagres river. In the dry season it is a small, unnavigable stream, but when heavy rains prevail it becomes a roaring torrent. It is sometimes known to rise forty-six feet at such times. The vast volume of water has to be controlled, for the proposed route crosses its bed several times. To do this two plans are under consideration. One is, to dig a new channel for the river and divert it from its present course. The other is to take the earth and stone from the cut through the mountains, and build a dam across from one spur of the mountain to another, and thus hold in check the flood of waters, running them off through a system of canals and locks into the main channel.

THE PANAMA RAILROAD.

The canal will follow the line of railroad and cross it two or three times. The canal company has really purchased the railroad, for only by so doing could they build a canal. They had purchased a franchise for ninety-nine years from the Colombian government, by the terms of which no other railroad or a canal could be constructed without the company's consent. The capital stock of the road was $7,000,000, but the stock was worth about $200 per share, so that the amount of the purchase was between $18,000,000 and $20,000,000. The road is forty-seven miles in length, and the fare is $25. The run is made in four hours, two trains each way, daily. They are all freight trains, with passenger coaches attached. The canal company will use it for transporting their men, material and supplies. In fact, it is doubtful if the canal would have been undertaken but for the railroad.

THE COST OF LABOR.

The estimate of $160,000,000 for the construction of the canal will probably not cover the cost. When DeLesseps was making his estimates he put in the wages of laborers at six ty to sixty-five cents per day. A Jamaica negro can be hired for that, but they are a lazy, contemptible set, who will not work more than one or two days in a week, just enough to maintain an existence. They will never work unless hungry. West Indian labor of all kinds is miserable and cannot be relied upon. De Lesseps must get his men from Africa or China, at great cost for transportation, and their wages will be much more than sixty-five cents per day.

SETH BOYDEN.

The Checkered Life of an Ill-paid but Great Inventor.

A WORD ABOUT PATENT LEATHER.

Story of a Shoemaker who Studied French for Three Years that he might Steal a Valuable Invention.

Early in the spring of 1854, while sorting freight on the old Chilean ship "Guipuzcoano," which served as a wharf boat at the foot of J street, in Sacramento, I noticed a tall and strongly built man about fifty years of age, with an apparent stoop in his shoulders, standing near me and carelessly regarding the marks on some cases of goods. His beard was long and grizzled, his clothing dusty and his whole manner betokening he placer miner of that epic period in American history. His face looked familiar, and as he passed me I asked him if he was not Mr. Boydon, of Newark, N. J. He replied that I was correct, but wondered how I had recognized him, as he wore no beard till he came out in '49 and looked nothing like the pictures he had left behind him. I told him I knew his daughter's family in Newark and had recognized him from his picture in her house. We talked awhile, and he promised to come back and see me during the time he stayed in Sacramento. Scarcely had he left me when along came the proprietor of one of the local foundries and told me he expected he would have to go to San Francisco that day, to get a new foreman for his moulding room. I asked him why he did not

EMPLOY SETH BOYDEN.

The gentleman looked at me in astonishment and asked, "Why, you certainly do not mean Seth Boyden, the inventor of malleable iron?" I replied that I meant nobody else, and he expressed surprise that a man of so much genius should be so far away from the great manufacturing centers. Later in the day he found Boyden and set him at work in the casting room at a salary of $300 per month, but Boyden had too much money and at the end of two months went east with about $8000 in his pocket. Before he left he told me about his future plans and showed me the drafts of a machine which was to supercede the use of stamp batteries in crushing quartz. That was nearly twenty-eight years ago and this very day there are ten stamps in use where there was then one. He spent the entire savings of his four years' labor in the American river mines in the development of this machine which was never regarded with favor by quartz millers. An idea of his great patience and foresight may be formed from what I am about to relate concerning the introduction of the patent leather industry into America, to which our country is indebted to Seth Boyden alone. Never in my recollection can a case of foresight parallel to his be found. In early life he had been

APPRENTICED TO A SHOEMAKER,

And worked diligently at that sedentary vocation until his term of service was ended. After he had worked about two years on the seat, he took a holiday and went into New York for a little recreation. Walking down Broadway one afternoon, he met what is now called a "blarsted Hinglishman," and accosted him in a civil and quiet way with this conundrum:

"Would you be kind enough to answer me a question or two, sir?"

"Ah, certainly; that is, if I can, you know," replied the expatriated disciple of J. Bull.

"Well, are those boots you have on the French varnish leather that I read about occasionally?"

"They are," returned the Britisher.

"Do you get them made to order in England?" asked Boyden,

"Yes, at almost any first-class cordwainer's."

"Is any of the leather made in England?" asked Boydon.

"None at all. It is all made in France, as a most profound secret."

"Thank you, sir," replied Boyden, and he departed on his way with a scheme in his mind that none but he would have thought of. Two hours later he was on his way

BACK TO NEWARK

With a French pronouncing dictionary and a phrase book in his pocket. He went to work as usual, the next day, and at night pulled out his phrase book for a couple of hours of study. He got so, after a few days, that he began to master the colloquial phrases, such as

"Have you the shot-gun of your longlegged cousin?"

"No, but I have the rolling-pin of your sore-eyed mother-in-law."

And he kept on devouring the book with the greed of a famished hound, for a year, when he thought he could afford to take lessons of a teacher, who discovered that Boyden's pronunciation was very defective and had hard work in giving him the real Parisian accent. (You never yet met a French teacher who would acknowledge having been born in the provinces.) Two more long years went by, and Boyden's term of apprenticeship were ended. He had purchased his education over the lapstone, and while other apprentices of his age had been squandering their money and wasting their time in bar-rooms, cockpits and gaming houses, he had been qualifying himself to obtain and transfer to his native state, an industry that should thereafter prove one of the greatest sources of her wealth and power.

HIS NATIVE SHREWDNESS

Told him it would never do for him to appear as an American in France, so he went to Montreal where he worked eight months at his trade for less wages than he could have obtained in Newark, but that was a part of his deeply laid scheme. He had now saved up nearly $200, and with that he sailed from Quebec for Havre, under the assumed name of Sosthene Baudoine. Arriving in Paris, he found the greatest difficulty in obtaining work as a shoemaker, on account of the prejudices against Canadians, and also because all the finer class of French boot work was done with a square-pointed awl, with which he had but limited practice, while the drunken and brutal man by whom he was surrounded were proficient with it. At length he quit Paris and struck out for Dijon, where there was a small patent leather factory. Accosting the proprietor in his counting room, he was cold y received when he told his pitiful story of his long voyage from Canada, and his impoverished condition. Mons. de Lirac asked:

"What is your name?"

"Sosthene Baudoine," replied the Jersey man.

"You are from Montreal, hein? Do you know one Mons. de Nevierville there?"

"Never saw him, monsieur."

"Do you drink, Baudoine?"

"No, mongieur."

"OD TO WORK."

And with the lightest of hearts, the stranger went to work at eighteen sous per day, in the tannery. He was not long in discovering that the tannic properties used in this leather were derived, not from oak bark, but from a powder made by grinding up the berry of the sumach, imported from Algeria. His sobriety won him the esteem of his employers, but he was disliked by his fellow workmen. One day, a year later, a man died who worked in the shaving room where the calfskins are dressed to a uniform thickness by means of a draw-knife.

Baudoine went to Mons. de Lirac and applied for the vacant position.

"Did you ever shave any, Baudoine?" asked the manager.

"No, monsieur, but I can learn," pleaded Sosthene.

"But I fear you may spoil our work," replied the manager.

"Not much fear of that, monsieur. You see I do not drink. I have clear eyes, cool head and steady hands. I may spoil one skin, and that I am able to pay for."

Next day saw Baudoine at work in the shaving shop. Firm in resolve and intent of purpose as ever. Eight months rolled by and he was now making four francs per day. Fortune seemed to smile upon him. All the mysteries now to be overcome were the pliancy and the polish of that wonderful leather. The smooth face of the leather is soon got hold of, for he saw his near neighbor smoothing it down with an immense wheel of polished glass. This put a face on the leather and fitted it to receive the varnish, a process Baudoine had not yet seen.

THREE YEARS SINCE

Baudoine had entered the factory flew by, and the great secret of all was still unknown to him. One day he said to Mons. de Lirac, as he was going from work:

"Do you make anything but black leather, monsieur?"

"No, nor does any one else. Why?"

"Because I saw a purple chariot, one day, trimmed with black leather, on the road to Paris. I began to think I could produce a purple dye for the leather, if you would furnish me the chemics a to experiment upon."

"What do you know of chemistry and dyes, Baudoine?"

"But little, monsieur, but I study chemistry at night while my room-mates are playing baccarat at the Cro aRouge."

"You shall have your wish, and if you succeed, your pay shall be as no other workman is paid. Stay, here are twenty francs."

Next day Baudoine was missing from his shaving block, and suspicious glances at him were darted from under the black brows of his fellow-workmen. The experiments were not successful, but Baudoine kept them up for four months until he had become thoroughly conversant with the dyeing and varnishing process. One day he was sent back into the shaving room, after an absence of four months. His hand was out of practice, and in an upward stroke he cut clear through the skin and cried out, "He l and pepper!" This in good ounce English. The workmen were astonished. Baudoine went to the counting room and paid eight francs for the skin.

THE MISSING MAN.

Next morning the foreman went to the manager with an air of alarm and told him that Baudoine had not been at work, and that on the previous day he had been heard swearing in English.

"Mon Dieu! we are betrayed by a spy. What did he say?"

"*L'Enfer et poitrne,*" replied the foreman.

"The infernal Yankee; no Englishman ever swore an oath like that; we are betrayed. A thousand francs to the man who brings him back!"

All efforts were vain. Before word could be got to Paris, the fugitive had reached Calais and was on an English steamer bound for Dover. That day Sosthene Baudoine was dead, and Seth Boyden, the shrewd and far-seeing American, was born into the world anew. He reached New York a month later and, in the following year, had enlisted Richard Ward into the establishment of a patent leather factory at Newark., Boyden's potulant temper soon antagonized them and led to a dissolution of partnership, which left Boyden with little or no money. He brought suit to recover damages, but the courts held that he had invented nothing and had merely stolen the ingenuity of others. If those are not Methodist doctrines and if they are antagonistic to Methodism, then so am I, and Dr. Gurney is right. But I think he

CAME NEARER TELLING THE TRUTH

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1882.

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WOMAN, TAKE FITY!

[Bill Nye's Boomerang.]

Wyoming's want is women. We want women here, partially to even up the population and partially to marry. Our territory is suffering more now for choice styles of young and middle aged women than for anything else. We need them in all departments of industry where women may be employed, and also in our homes and by our firesides. There are hundreds of lonely men in Wyoming who are doing well, financially, and who would willingly rush into matrimony if there were enough matrimony to go around. It is the saddest feature of our wide western country at present.

The over-populated east, where a young man may pay for ice cream or oysters for three pretty girls at a time, ought to contribute some of its wealth or girls to this desolate land, where there is one woman to forty or six men, and where life is a hollow mockery.

We sometimes wish that nature had designed us for a hired girl. Instead of an editor, so that we could have been independent. In this country "a hired girl" is only another name for affluence and financial stability.

Twenty-five dollars a month and board makes the poor, cringing editors green with envy. And yet there are not enough girls in the country to do half the work. A man lives out half his days and at last secures a wife, only to find that the latter part of his career will be devoted to securing a servant girl for her.

'Tis tough.

Life is too brief to be trifled away in this manner. One friend of ours, who has been roared in luxury, has been without a girl for two months, and, although he has offered all kinds of inducements, he has been compelled to make the beds and do the chamberwork, while his wife did the washing and cooked the meals.

Let the man who never tried it, rise at six o'clock, dress five children in the subdued light of early morning, then cook breakfast, eat it and go down town for a couple of months, and we will allow the girl that will work for him the use of his upright piano and take her with him to the theater. Why, it has arrived at such a stage here in Laramie that when a man asks one of his neighbors if he knows of a servant girl that he can get, the mob turns loose at him and laughs at him till he wishes he was dead.

It is not an uncommon occurrence for a girl to come west, work at regular wages two or three years and then, as an heiress, marry a bloated capitalist and settle down.

It is a horrible fact that unless something is done to prevent the centralization of capital among the servant girls of Wyoming, a revolution cannot be avoided.

There is not a man within the sound of our voice that will not admit, with tears in his eyes and both suspender buttons trembling and tottering to their very foundation, that such is the case.

A lady says: "I know it's nasty to be ruled by men, to have no voice in the affairs of state, to be inferior to the inferiority of men, but just before the reign of women—but before a petticoat administration, just before the battle, mother,'—I want to die of croup, measles or something easy, and be put in my little earthy bed, where, whatever occurs, I shall escape the awful condition of sublunary things under the *regime de femme.*"

RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

DR. THOMAS TALKS.

He is not Surprised at the Result of his Appeal and will go on Preaching in Spite of his Excommunication.

A reporter of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* induced Dr. Thomas to say that he was not much surprised, and, while he was very sorry to be thus thrust out from the only church he had ever loved, he was glad that the end had come, and he would no longer be worried by the continual abuse which had been heaped upon him since he trial began. He was sorry to see the great Methodist church take such a position, and he believed that it could not afford to hold such grounds. There were hundreds, yea thousands of Methodist ministers who believed as he did, and if the church should go on and drive all out, it would be her ruin. Very few Methodist ministers believed what the church expelled him for not believing, but the majority were politic enough

TO KEEP THEIR MOUTHS CLOSED.

"Will you continue your preaching at the People's church?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, that is my work now and I shall devote my time to it."

"Dr. Gurney holds that this People's church is antagonistic to the Methodist church. What do you think of that?"

"It is no more surprising than many other things which have been said and believed by the church that wanted to get rid of me. The People's church was not organized in antagonism to any religious organization. It was not looked upon as such at first, and I became its pastor until my case should be decided by the conference. I might have been appointed to such work by the bishop, and Bishop Hurst, last summer, said he thought as I had organized the church and done a good work I would be appointed to remain there for another year when conference met. He believed I would be acquitted. To only creed the Peoples' church has is the ten commandments and the teachings of Christ. If those are not Methodist doctrines and if they are antagonistic to Methodism, then so am I, and Dr. Gurney is right. But I think he

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FINANCIAL.

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Oct. 18	Oct. 23	Oct. 28	Oct. 30	Nov. 4	Nov. 5	Nov. 10
Nov. 2	Nov. 7	Nov. 12	Nov. 14	Nov. 18	Nov. 19	Nov. 24
Nov. 17	Nov. 22	Nov. 27	Nov. 29	Dec. 3	Dec. 4	Dec. 9
Dec. 2	Dec. 7	Dec. 12	Dec. 14	Dec. 18	Dec. 19	Dec. 24
Dec. 17	Dec. 22	Dec. 27	Dec. 29	Dec. 31	Jan. 1	Jan. 6

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Dalles, Walla Walla, Umatilla and upper points.	7 AM	AM	7 AM	7 AM	7 AM	AM
Astoria, Kalama, Tacoma, Seattle	6 AM	6 AM	6 AM	6 AM	6 AM	8 AM
Victoria, New Westminster, Cathlamet, Bay View, Skamokawa, Brookfield, Westport, Clifton, Knappa	6 AM		AM		8 AM	
Dayton, Oregon City, Corvallis and intermediate points.	6 AM		AM		6 AM	
	7 AM		AM		7 AM	
	8 AM				6 AM	

NARROW GAUGE DIVISION.

EAST SIDE DIVISION.

BETWEEN PORTLAND AND BROWNSVILLE, via O. & C. R. R. to

...regonian.
...MORNING, DECEMBER 18, 1881.

HAPPINESS.

[Boston Transcript.]

"And didst thou say to Happiness
That I would be happy, dear,
If I would be Happiness,
And let me not in there?
"And didst thou say to Happiness
That I could not let those in,
Whose graves are growing green
And those graves are growing green?"

Yet, then, thyself shall say,
Are riders my dead repose
Did not hold thy revelry gay,
Did not wear the rose?
Did not let thee in,
Did not let those in,
Whose graves are growing green."

...ide round a little space,
...ded and softly said,
...ere and a place,
...ve above thy head,
...flowers, myrtle and rose,
...is their last repose."

...e entrance gained at last;
...e would I gainsay
...rayed. My tears fell fast,
...on her way;
...the pure, unsprinkling flowers
...ed to glorious summer bowers.

...ne was my grief from me,
...therless, then, complain?
...ly place of graves to be
...filled with hope again,
...ering each behest,
...ly I serve my guest."

DUCK SHOOTING.

Rare Sport About Wild Fowl Shooting in Oregon.

HABITS OF THE CANVAS-BACK.

The Goose of the Columbia River Likely Ere to Build a Cheap Decoy Upon Billy Hume's Big Shot in California.

...ake is the union, Oregon has the ...fowl shooting. She has the great ...rely seen in California, and ...of the Atlantic bay shores, ...in our sister state. We, on ...have not the exquisitely plumed ...but even he is a *rara avis* in ... black-breasted gray goose, ...much damage to young grain in ...valley, scarcely stoops to the ...to rest his tired wings, but the ...or Canadian goose is more ...Oregon than in the Golden State. ...sometimes called the bernacle goose, ...of all the *anser* tribe, is more ...Puget Sound than in Oregon, es... when the herring are casting ...on the shores of the great inland ...and widgeon are the most ...in Oregon, the green-winged ...Atlantic waters, being the next ...great damage is done to grow... ...Linn, Benton and Polk ...mallards and widgeons while ...wheat as fast as it can be sown. ...of all the duck tribe in this ...highly plumed and highly-flavored

CANVAS BACK DUCK.

...habitat of the *valisneria* or wild cherry, ...in many of the coastwise streams. ...bird of all the duck family ...representing the *bourgeois* ...the rabble. Look at the jet ...neck and the glittering sheen ...shapely head. His back is a ...white finely mottled with gray, ...got his name. He is the largest ...of all the duck family and ...sturdy and strong. He loves cold ...makes his mating ground amid ...floes long before the sluggish ...of roosting the fat valleys of ...this. His food is not confined ...fresh water, because it is not abundant ...in estuaries, but he has a fashion of ...to the bays of Shoalwater and ...surging himself on fat oysters. ...which he is a very destructive ...good sport, strong flight and a fit... ...possessed by none other of ...canvas-back is the chief and

...AND FOWL SHOOTING

...that great caremus, be taken ...rheumatic and pulmonary ...from cold and wet. Think ...poetry about a goose, or even ...duck was actually done by ...and it is hard to find stronger ...than his

...and fer'ard ...they fly to the nor'ard ...and gently come. ...Jay

...to the frozen zone! ...the yielding air ...and strong, ...they leap, a vasty deep, ...along."

...as it seems to any reader but a ...conceive of no stronger ...with your own thoughts ...and you will see them in a ...their hoarse cry resounding ...mighty but weary wings they ...frosty air.

...CITY OF BALTIMORE,

...to be the center of a great ...fowl shooting, especially the ...back. There are two ways of ...ducks, one of which is by setting ...ers or "stools," while the other ...them with a small dog. The ...creatures and the shooters ...blinds" on the bay shore in ...a small dog capers up and down ...performs all sorts of pranks. ...antics, the ducks swim towards ...when they get near enough they ...murderous fire and the water is ...and dying. Another plan is to ...them as they feed, with a large ...with a swivel gun capable of ...ounces of shot, and powder in pro... ...latter game is downright mur... ...really extirpated these splendid ...once famous feeding-grounds ...Quentin and California City, on ...Francisco. It should be pro... ...in every State and territory in ...destructive to one of our noblest

...BARNUM'S HOTEL,

...was the great place twenty years ...up the canvas back in the ...culinary art. During the ...when Florida beat Sevastopol four. ...the writer was invited by Dr. John ...widow of the immortal "Geoffrey ...most two other gentleman, one o... ...Mr. Charles Harris Barham, who ...to be a son of the author of the "In... ...." He had come over from ...a small yacht and was the most ...in, proportion to the size of his ...I ever met. We sat down at 6 P ...the raw oysters had been washed ...a bottle of Chablis, there was a pair ...ducks brought out and Barham said, ..."What a blarsted 'umbug those ...up fowl on a dry plate with no ...no gravy. Couldn't give 'em away ...you know." Just then Dr. Irving ...a wing and the juice spirted six inches ...Barham cried out:

..."THIS IS THE JOCKEYS FOR ME."

...repented of his original opinion as ...plate the third time. Needless to ...Dr. Irving was as much amused by his ...appetite as he was disgusted by ...But he was willing to admit ...were as good wild fowl in America ...after that. The Baltimoreans ...flesh of the canvas back is supe... ...which I am not ready to con... ...higher flavored than those shot ...bay, beyond doubt, but I fail ...they surpass the canvas back of ...Numerous puns have been made upon ...name, but the best I have heard was ...steamboat clerk on the levee at ...about twenty years ago. A deck ...wheeling a truck ashore with a big ...canvas on it, such as is used for ...when the truck upset and the can... ...fell. The intrepid sailor jumped ...after and swam ashore with it. [re-

...marked: "That fellow was in for a duck, wasn't he?" "You can just let he was," replied Billy Craigh; "and he was bound to have the canvas back, too." Sound American man. I believe you, mihoy.

...THE WILLAMETTE SLOUGH.

Between Sauvies' island and the main shore of Multnomah county, used to be regarded as the best water for these splendid birds when I first came to Oregon. But they were hunted there with such persistency that they have sought for new abodes. Of late years the best ground has been on Columbia slough, nearly opposite Vancouver. Shoalwater bay is a good ground to fatten them, but they need the wild celery of the Columbia bottom to give them the genuine canvas-back flavor. I used to shoot them at Coos bay so fat that they would almost burst in pieces, but they were poorly flavored because there are no native oysters there and no wild celery. Hence they were manifestly inferior to those of this vicinity. They also abound at Yaquina, Netart and Tillamook bays and afford good sport in cold and clear weather. But in warm rains and on murky days they ascend the rivers and feed on vegetable food. I shot one in the month of Des Chutes, near Celilo, about three years ago, which is the farthest inland that I have ever seen them. Gen. Wheaton tells me that they are frequently seen in the waters of

...SPIRIT LAKE.

In the early autumn, but he thinks they merely alight there to rest after their long and weary homeward flight from their nesting places in Alaska and British Columbia. They sell here from one dollar to a dollar and a half per pair, according to the difference between supply and demand, while in Baltimore they generally bring two dollars per pair, and in New York as high as three. The credulous are often imposed upon in the latter city with an inferior duck called the "red-head," which is sold as the female canvas-back by unscrupulous poultry venders. This bogus bird is very rare on the Pacific coast and I have seen but one specimen in a twelve years' residence in Oregon. They are surf ducks and rarely come into smooth water. In a residence in California from 1853 to 1869, I shot two and saw but two others. They may be more abundant to the northward of us, however. A submerged boat with "brush" around the washboards is a very good battery for duck shooting, but I would not advise my friends to use one in the Columbia about Cape Horn in the winter months, as the most likely result of such a procedure would be a coroner's inquest.

...MALLARD SHOOTING

Is such a common affair in the upper Willamette counties that they are hardly to be dignified with the title of game. Every school boy has a pot-metal gun, with which he proposes to annihilate the "green-heads" on his father's grain patch. One of the best ways to shoot them is to dig a hole near a spring or a spring-fed ditch and then sink a barrel in it. This done, cover the edge of the barrel with straw or hay and get into it. You can get many a good shot in that way and the mallards are always fat at this season. Widgeons generally frequent the same feeding ground as mallards, but they go in larger flocks and some frightful slaughter a occasionally made among them. The greatest shot ever made at ducks, within my own knowledge, was made by William Hume, of Eagle Cliff, W. T., in 1857, when he was shooting for the Sacramento market. He killed 42 widgeons with two barrels and, to use his own words, "it just rained ducks for awhile." It is proper to state, however, that Mr. Hume used a well trained ox which he stalked around the birds and huddled them together before firing.

...THE WOOD DUCK

Has the rarest and gaudiest plumage of any bird that flies. He is very prolific, and on the grain fields of the Sacramento is an intolerable nuisance to the farmers. Not content with nibbling the young sprouts, he carries his ravages into the mellow harvest days and thrusts his head and sharp bill into the grain sacks, causing great leakage and loss of wheat. At Glenn's big farm they are obliged to keep lanterns burning all night to keep these larcenous birds away. No prosecution was ever had for shooting these ducks out of season, for the reasons given above. The cinnamon teal, before alluded to, is only found on streams emptying into the bay of San Francisco, and frequents the fresh water marshes in company with the luscious jack-snipe. This bird is of a rich cinnamon color, with yellow legs and bill and blue tips to his wings. He is several ounces heavier than the ordinary green-winged teal so common in our market. The "dark of the moon" will soon be here again and then we shall hear of big bags made by our local hunters. Till then, the present company excuses himself with wishes for lots of good sport.

M.

HOLLAND'S LAST EDITORIAL.

The Closing Labors of America's Representative Journalist—"Poverty as a Discipline."

A Comparison Between Garfield and Lincoln—The Force of Circumstance which made them Great.

"Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten, the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance, I never knew a man to be drowned who was worth the saving."—JAMES A. GARFIELD.

The following is the last article written by Dr. J. G. Holland, who may be truthfully said to have died in the harness:

"We often hear it said of a man that he has had great advantages. We have meant by this simply the advantages which wealth could buy—university training, travel, high society, unlimited books, etc. It is not often that we hear poverty spoken of as an advantage, yet we believe it to be demonstrably true that, of all the advantages which come to any young man, this is the greatest. The young man who is saved from the effort of making his own way in the world and the necessity of establishing his own position, is denied the most powerful stimulus to labor and development. The young men who are coming every year out of the colleges and the professional schools of the country, and starting into active life, will win success or sink into failure mainly in accordance with the amount of stimulus under which their education has been acquired. If they have been obliged to labor until they have learned

...THE VALUE OF MONEY,

If they have been forced into close economies, and learned, also, how difficult it is to keep it; if they have grown up with the consciousness upon them that everything they hope for in this world must be won by their own unaided force and industry; if they have acquired thrifty habits and self-helpfulness and self-trust,—they enter life with great and most assuring advantages. No amount of wealth given to a young man can possibly give him so good a prospect of a true success as poverty that has secured such advantages as these. Twice within the easy memory of this generation a man who has started at the lowest extreme of the social scale has risen to be president of the United States.

...ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Rose from his nest of leaves in a western log cabin to be twice elected ruler of the nation, at a most momentous period of the national history, traversing in the passage every degree in the social scale. The poor frontiersman's child, the flat-boatman, the cay-laborer, the indigent student, the humble country lawyer, the politician, the stump-speaker, the legislator, the statesman, the president, the chief of one of the greatest armies the world has ever seen,—who believes for a moment that had he been rich at the start, he would have landed where he did? It was the discipline of poverty that made him what he was. It gave him a profound sympathy with the people, most of whom are engaged in a struggle with poverty from the cradle to the grave. It stimulated and trained his powers to their highest development, and it helped him to form those habits of industry and economy that are essential to the best success.

...THE LATEST EXAMPLE.

James A. Garfield, whom we have just laid in the tomb with tears of affectionate reverence, was another instance of the beneficent influences of poverty. He rose from as low a place as Lincoln, and took even a higher flight than he. The most brilliant man who ever occupied the presidential chair, and rapidly becoming the most admired and best beloved ruler in the world, he was mourned when, in realizing one of the many coincidences that existed between the life and that of Lincoln, he was murdered by an assassin, as man was never mourned before. His marvelous accomplishments and powers won him the respect of the great, and his sympathy with the humble drew to him the hearts of the world."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

Things that Busy Brains Effect While Sluggards Sleep.

MEN WHO TOIL FOR THEIR AGE AND RACE.

Being a Bundle of Brevities About Those Who are Fighting Over the Old Battles to Make the World a Better One.

The Northern Pacific railroad company is building a bridge across the Missouri river at Bismarck, D. T., which will be two miles in length. Fifteen hundred men are employed on it, and it will cost $2,000,000.

A railroad tunnel under the Pyrenees is talked of, the Spaniards, it is said, being anxious to have direct communication with France. The French ministers for public works and the war minister are discussing the effect which such a tunnel would have upon the frontier defences of the country, and until they arrive at some conclusion the matter is held in abeyance.

A machine has been invented in Boston for generating heat without fire. It is simply an iron cylinder about a foot long and a foot in diameter. The bottom of the cylinder is a hardened plate upon which another plate of the same diameter turns, the pressure being regulated with a screw, according to the power that is to be applied and the amount of heat desired. A lot of the space not taken up by the wheel and shaft is filled with water. As soon as the wheel is set in motion the water is brought up to a high temperature and the cylinder becomes a stove, which radiates heat from the whole of its exterior surface. Of course this machine can only be used in buildings where there is steam power that can be availed of to run the friction wheel. There is entire security against accidents by fires, which is a strong point in favor of the friction heater.

The latest esthetic idea is certainly a curious one and comes from America. It is said that an art city is to be founded there, of which all the inhabitants shall be musicians, painters, sculptors, literary men and the like. A correspondent says that those in active life will retire there for their holidays, whilst others, tired of the world, but still eager for art, will be retained permanently to form a focus of art instruction, which will render it unnecessary for young American art students to come to Europe to study. Behind the wild idea of an art city—a sort of glorified Bedford park—there is a background of solid sense, and as I hear Gounod has already signified his adhesion to the project and Rubenstein is said to have it under consideration, it might be assumed that the obstacles which would suggest themselves to the non-artistic mind are not regarded as insurmountable. As regards the financial side of the scheme, I am assured that no doubt is felt. Numerous wealthy Americans, out of pure patriotism, would freely support a project of this kind, though it possibly might not find favor with the all-powerful American press, as one of the primary conditions is the exclusion of all art critics from the sacred precincts of the art city. It is a most amusing scheme; but, oh, how fearfully the artistic inhabitants would quarrel with each other.

A veteran watchmaker at Vouvry, Switzerland, claims to have invented a process by which watches will run for years without winding up. A sealed box containing two watches intrusted to the municipal authorities on the 19th of January, 1879, has just been opened, and the watches found going.

The Fortaine engine, which was described a short time ago, hauled twenty-two heavily loaded freight cars over the Pennsylvania railroad from Philadelphia to Jersey City last week, and the same afternoon left for Philadelphia with a second section of the fast express. It made the run in thirteen minutes, less time than engine 110 of the Pennsylvania road, which is regarded as the best in the world.

In Philadelphia there is a factory where leather scraps and old boots and shoes are manufactured into an excellent quality of Jamaica rum. We are not surprised, therefore, that the temperance people have come to the front so largely the past winter and insist on temperance legislation. So long as peach brandy and apple-jack were the beverages used by the intemperate, there was no hurry, but some effort must now be made to save our young men from the juice of old shoes. Woe unto him that putteth the old boot to his neighbor's lips, and filleth him up on the frolicsome overshoe, to see how funny he will act.

Lieut. H. H. Gorringe, U. S. navy passed Winnemucca yesterday, going east. He is interested in Idaho mines, and though anxious to remain over a day and interview John Catalow on Yarkuff and South Mountain affairs, could not spare the time. Lieut. Gorringe acquired a world-wide reputation by his engineering skill in removing the great obelisk from Alexandria, Egypt, to Central Park, New York city. In a lecture delivered be ore the Academy of Sciences, in San Francisco, last Wednesday evening, he exhibited a picture of the obelisk as it stood when he began his labors. The obelisk had begun to lean over, as the sea had washed the shore away to within a few feet of its base.—Silver State, Nov. 26.

A number of prominent New York capitalists have organized a postal telegraph company, and will at once build and equip a line between that city and Chicago, intending doubtless to extend it over more territory, if the business proves successful. The company owns a patent for making compound steel and copper wire, claimed to have great conductivity, and it will be used with photographic, automatic, duplex instruments, capable, it is said, of transmitting 1000 words per minute each way. We believe the day is not far distant when a system of postal telegraphy will to a great extent supercede the present system of letter carrying in the United States.

The new White Star steamer Coptic, built by Harland & Wolff, Belfast, Ireland, while not so large as the Germanic, is very much like that vessel in appearance. Her gross register is 4893 tons. She is 430 feet long. She is built of milled steel. She carries four iron masts, and her two double cylinder engines are of 450 horse power. Over 90 pounds to the square inch, nominal pressure, is the capacity of the three elliptical boilers. The crank shafts are of steel. Special provisions have been made for the comfort of steerage passengers. The water tight compartment system on the most approved pattern is in use, and the vessel has all the other improvements of marine architecture.

One of the most peculiar and striking features in our great printing houses is their immense stores of stereotype plates. They are stored in vaults beneath the sidewalk, and are hence safe from fire. Booksellers never keep such property in their own possession. The printer sets the type and casts the plates, which are then used for presswork. When the printing is done these plates are packed in small boxes, each containing about thirty pounds of metal, and stored in the vault. When another edition is called for the plates are got out and again placed on the press. A set of stereotype plates will print 100,000 impressions after which it should be recast, but it is seldom that any book reaches such a sale as this. A volume which reaches 5000 does very well, and few ever exceed that number, while of the greater number hardly 1000 are sold. You can see in Harpers' vaults nearly a ship load of boxes containing such material. Each box is labled with the name of the book, and thus all confusion is avoided. Harpers' stock of plates must have cost $150,000. If any book ceases to sell, the plates are melted for fresh use, and every year this house thus renovates a portion of their stock. Very few people have any idea of the immense quantity of metal that put into use. An ordinary novel will fill eight boxes weighing forty pounds apiece. Such a work as Appleton's Encyclopedia would require 200 boxes, or about four tons of metal. When you enter a book store and gaze on the varied works, and then remember that they are in almost every instance stereotyped, you may form some idea of the amount of metal thus employed.—N. Y. cor Cincinnati Gazette.

THE VICE OF NEW YORK.

[The Contemporary Review.]

Of unlawful amusements, such as gambling and others, New York has her full share, gradec for all classes of society, from the gilded palace on Fifth avenue down to the dens of Water street. There is far more of vice and immorality than in Boston or Philadelphia. It is more open, more general, and more fashionable. In some respects it is worse than London; in others, perhaps, better. I cannot see that republican institutions affect the general morality of our cities in any favorable way whatever if anything the influence is unfavorable. There is less inclination to execute or tolerate repressive laws. The old idea of stern republican morality has long since been forgotten, if it ever had any actual existence. In the towns and villages there is some trace of it. The general standard of morality is there is higher than in Europe, and it is an advantage not to have the evil example of an aristocracy which considers itself raised above the moral law. In the cities here is an aristocracy of wealth which is worse than that of birth. As in other aristocracies, there are noble examples of christian manhood and philanthropic spirit among the wealthy men of our great cities. There is more readiness to give away money for benevolent purposes than can be found in any other part of the world. This spirit is not confined to the religious men, although they are the principal givers. Appeals of all kinds go first to them. But, in spite of all the good that can be said of New York, it is no better morally than the great cities of Europe. If we contrast it with the towns and villages of this part of America, the difference is very much greater and more unfavorable than would be found in contrasting village and city life in any part of Europe with which I am familiar. This is due, however, to the corrupting influence of wealth, or to the failure of republican institutions to secure good government and high morality, but quite as much to the fact that New York is not an American city. The majority of the population is foreign. The worst of the immigrants land at upon our shores remain there, and there is no form of vice known in Europe which does not here brought with them and do practiced in this city. One sees something of this in London, but, in spite of its foreign population, London is still an English city. Its vices as well as its virtues are distinctively English. I do not mean to imply that there is anything better or more attractive in the vice of London than in that of New York. On the contrary, it has always struck me as more brutal and repulsive. I have never seen anything in any other city which shocked me so much as a sight I saw on broad day in a street leading from Southampton-row on one of my first visits to London. Two ragged, begrimed, drunken women were fighting in a ring of 20 or 30 men, who were cheering them on. The very fact that they were all English made their filth, profanity, and brutality more repulsive. I could not help feeling a sort of personal responsibility for it. I have seen other such scenes in London; but have never happened upon one like it in New York. Nor have I ever heard criminal amusements defended and justified by men of good standing in society, as I have in England. Every form of vice exists and flourishes in New York as it does in London, but it does not present itself to the eye and ear in so repulsive a manner.

A BRITISH DEFENCE OF AMERICA.

[From the Pall Mall Gazette.]

We may take it for granted that, except in a few centers of culture, such as Boston and Harvard, American life is, and for some time to come must be, wanting in certain refinements and amenities. These are flowers which grow only in the soil of old societies. You can no more expect them in a young community than you can expect to make a lawn out of a plowed field in one season. But even in those respects we must see that we compare things fairly. We must not go from a western prairie farm to a London or Paris drawing room, and then cry out that life in the United States is coarse and common. We should compare farmer with farmer, mechanic with mechanic, scholar with scholar. Farmers may be in a greater proportion to scholars in the United States than here; and so they ought to be while the land has need of them. Be the best few or many, the Americans are no less entitled than other people to be judged by their best. We must put the case, then, *reddendo singula singulis*, as lawyers say. Are the American farmer's ideas and purposes in life so much more narrow so much coarser and commoner than the British farmer's as to justify us in holding him up as a warning? So American workmanship and mechanical invention appear to proceed from a type of mind sunk in comfortable dullness? Are American scholarship and literature, as compared with the same kind of work in Europe, of a feeble and common-place character? We do not much think that the answer to any one of these questions, if worked out, would go to justify the pessimist view. For the present we shall confine ourselves to the last.

We are told that the Americans have produced next to nothing in literature or art. If they had produced much in art it would be little short of a miracle. The materials for a school of art do not yet exist on the other side of the Atlantic, for the simple reason that all the great works of art and architecture are on this side. American artists have to work in Europe, and their country hardly gets credit for them. But let that pass. In literature the United States have produced within this century two historians whose works (on European affairs, too) have taken the first rank in their subjects; two or three considerable poets (some say more, but we keep within safe limits); three or four humorists whose humor has at least a touch of genius, and has a marked individual stamp in each case; one of the profoundest and most original of essay writers of this or any other time; one novelist of the first rank, and several who have attained popularity here as well as in their own land, and much excellent criticism of which we will not try to number the authors, as they partly coincide with those already counted. This—in a new country, with no capital in the European sense, and with literary production confined of necessity to a few places. And if any person of moderately good critical faculty and moderately acquainted with the best American literature be asked what are its principal characters, we are pretty sure that he will not mention commonplaceness among them. But we will take a more special test. There are those who happen to have examined with some care, and quite recently, the work of certain American scholars on sub jects in which they take a special interest. And these competent judges say positively from their own knowledge thus acquired that the besetting fault of American scholarship is the very reverse of what it ought to be if the ingenious pessimist were right. Our learned friends across the Atlantic, so far from being commonplace in their habit of mind, seem to an Englishman only to want a little ballast of commonplace to weight their otherwise excellent invention. Their thought has a certain oversubtility and exaggerated novelty of view.

There, as to the terrible dead level of uniformity, one should hardly be called upon to point out that fortunes are no more equal in the United States than in Europe, though the average love of comfort is higher. And we trust that few educated Englishmen are at this day ignorant that the United States, as their name imports, are not one state, but many. The independence of the several states in their domestic laws and government has its drawbacks; but it certainly fosters a great variety of local interest and a great deal of wholesome self-reliance in both active and intellectual life. Finally, we are warned by our clever pessimists with one accord against sentimentalism and sentimental sympathies. We thoroughly agree with them that sentimentalism is a very bad thing. But we would observe that a practical man must take men as he finds them, and that the great bulk of mankind, in the great bulk of their actions, are at this day governed not by calculation but by sentiment. Englishmen and Americans will go on saying and feeling that blood is thicker than water, even if critics tell them they are sentimental or being thought sentimental, and that it is not a mark of strength, but the contrary, to be perpetually haunted by it.

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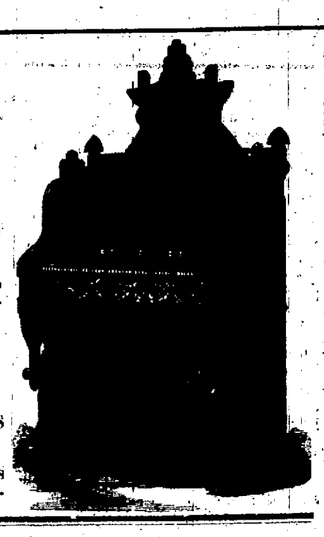

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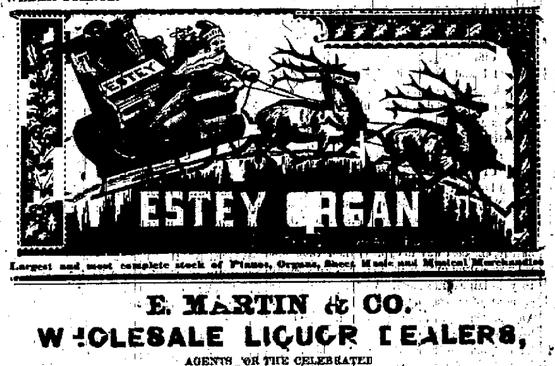

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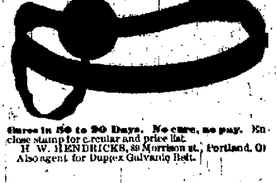

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Also agent for Duplex Galvanic Belt.

INSURANCE.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that after this date no rebate or car shekage will be allowed or paid either directly or indirectly, upon any policy of fire insurance issued from our respective offices, and that the premium in the policy will be in all cases collected in full.

Portland, Or., Nov. 11, 1881.

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PHILIP C. SCHUYLER,
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BACHMAN BROS.,
Agents Connecticut Fire Ins. Co., North British and Mercantile Ins. Co., German American Ins. Co., Scottish Union and National Ins. Co. Lion Fire Ins. Co.

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Agts Commercial Union Assurance Co.

W. S. CALDWELL,
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DEKDORFF & HEUBNER,
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W. H. COFRAN,
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LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

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LIFE INSURANCE PROFITS DEMONSTRATED BY ACTUAL SETTLEMENTS ADE IN 1880.

The Society is now paying maturing Tontine Policies with the following remarkable results:

POLICIES CARRIED TEN YEARS WITH THE RETURN OF ALL PREMIUMS PAID AND INTEREST THEREON.

1st Example: Policy No. 43,563, issued May 27, 1868. Amount.....$10,000 00
Total premiums paid (11 years).....5,500 00

The assured is now entitled to draw, in cash, $6,466.80, having said besides $10,000 of assurance for eleven years. 118 per cent. of premiums paid, return being in cash.

This example and those which follow show that

LARGER PROFITS ARE PAID POLICY-HOLDERS THAN ARE NOW DECLARED BY ANY OTHER COMPANY.

2d Example: Policy No. 58,548, issued Dec. 20, 1872. Endowment 10 years. Tontine Period ten years. Amount.....$10,000 00
Tota. premiums paid (10 years).....7,350 00

The assured on Dec. 20, 1882, will be entitled to draw in cash, $9,033 30, 129 per cent of the premiums paid.

These results although predicted by carefully made estimates, are

ACTUAL RESULTS, BUT ACTUAL CASH RETURNS.

3d Example: Policy No. 41,631, issued March 27, 1868. Amount.....$5,000 00
Total premiums paid.....2,700 00

On this case the assured will receive, March 27, 1883, in cash, $2,242 45, being 161 per cent. of premiums paid.

Many policies fall due this year, showing

CASH RETURNS OF FROM 100 TO 120 PER CENT. OF THE PREMIUMS PAID.

Assets securely invested at $43,000,000. Surplus, nearly $20,000,000. The Society's popularity is shown by the fact that for the past eleven years the total amount of new policies issued has been greater than that of any other company in existence, thus making its average

ANNUAL NEW BUSINESS LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER COMPANY.

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EVERY POLICY BECOMES NON-FORFEITABLE AFTER THREE YEARS.

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AGENT FOR OREGON & WASHINGTON TER'Y

UNION

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF SAN FRANCISCO.

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Capital - - - - $750,000

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W. S. CALDWELL, Agent.

C. H. DAWSON J. Mct. HARVEY

COMMERCIAL UNION

ASSURANCE COMPANY

OF LONDON.

CAPITAL.....$12,500,000

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General Agents for Oregon.
Office—No. 5 First St.—New Marshall Building.

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IMPERIAL, LONDON, NORTHERN and QUEEN Insurance Companies of London and Liverpool.

Deposit in Oregon.....$20,000 00

Assurance Company, Forty-first Million Capital, Assets and Surplus Nearly One Hundred and Twenty-Three Million Dollars.

$41,896, 23 00.

Joint Policy Issued by the Four Companies for Sums of $1 and Upward, at Fair Rates.

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The Thames and Mersey Marine Insurance Co.,

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Capital.....$10,000,000
Surplus over Capital.....2,625,125
Deposit in Oregon.....50,000

Risks accepted and POLICIES WRITTEN at the lowest rates.

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PHILIP C. SCHUYLER, Agent.

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Losses Paid Since Organization, $1,334,633 44.

Losses Paid in Oregon in Six Years $162,363 29.

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GEO. L. STORY, Manager.

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Opposite Ladd & Tilton's Bank,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

1794. 1881.

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Capital, - - $1,250,000 00
Assets, - - $3,761,379 47

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A. P. FLINT, Manager Pacific Department, San Francisco, Cal

J. W. G. COFRAN,

Special Agent for Oregon and Washington Territory.

Office: 52 Stark St., Union Block, Portland.

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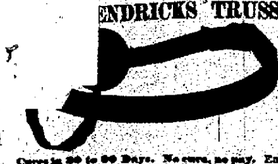

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A LADY'S WISH.

"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How?" inquired the first lady. "By using Hop Bitters, that makes pure rich blood and blooming health. It did for me, as you observe." Read of it.—*Cairo Bulletin.*

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All repairing neatly and promptly executed. Billiard Supplies of all kinds constantly on hand.

89 Madison St., Portland, Or. n23dm

The Daily Oregonian.

SATURDAY MORNING,

THE LITTLE BEGGAR'S QUIET.

'Twas on a bitter winter's
I saw a strange, pathetic
The streets were ploshy, c
The air with falling sno

A little ragged beggar chil
Went running through th
He looked as if he never sl
As if he never had been

Sudden, he spied beneath
A faded button-hole bouq
Trampled and wet with rai
Withered and worthless,

He bounded, seized it with
Stood still and shook it f
Into his coat he pinned it
His eyes lit up with sudd

He sauntered on, all pleas
His face transformed in
And imagined that the hurr
Might chance to see that

The man who threw the fl
Never one-half such ple
The flowers' best work was
In cheering up that begg

Ah me, too often we forget
Happy in these good hou
How many in this world a
Glad even of the wither
—H. H. in the Ch

HOW IT E

Miss Jane Beagle had li
this wicked world to kn
blessedness is not always p
to its possessor of her
beauty; she had flirted wi
but she went too far when
Winkum because he was po
Billy had in him that stuf
rise in some place—opinion
voice, a feeling that he was
else, if not a little better
fourth of July orations. S
which had changed, his
that there handsome Ja
Jane Beagle, that hasn't e
risen in the world and has
and was a person of such
one would have dared to ci
um. Mr. William Warri
his designation as flour or
chain or a larger diamon
owned by no one in Billbe

He had never married,
him all the more desirable
He had met Jane very o
Jane would very willingly
that her decisive no of fi
been repented of. Alas! e
Warrington Winkum no
that no, or he regarded it
"And yet he hasn't marr
"and he don't flirt round
girls, nor pay attention to
a gray hair. He is five yo
any way. Suppose he sho

However, concealment d
like a worm in the bud o
rington Winkum's damask
on the platform at electio
lung power, and he built
the hill wherein he installe
remarkable old grandmoth
fourteen children; and at
talked and sat with an one
a woman of forty.

Oh! that house with it
new, shutters, its elabora
chimneys, its balcony and
interior of Wilton carpet
and velvet parlor furnitur
Beagle said to herself:

"All this might have bee
yes to Billy. She said it
one day, about housecleanin
was doing her best with t
that was all her own now.
had slipped out of it—
sons were dead—nobody r

"I don't think I can star
sighed Jane. "I must tak
thing. Nobody to speak
don't tell, nobody to do for
Jane was down in the kit
as she spoke. The rag ca
the line outside. The s
well scrubbed, were turne
dry, every pan shown bea
was warm eaten, and the
work, not make the walls
"Heigh-ho!" sighed Ja
some house, but I shan't
own."

She said it aloud—a hal
self had grown upon her—
she was answered on the i

"Why, who knows!" said
have the handsomest hous
Who knows? Don't you
now?"

"Good gracious!" sai
foot, "who is that?"

"It's only me, ma'am,"
woman, with a big, gra
poppies on her cap, was s
smiled at her merrily. "I
wandering over the wor
times for them. Will y
lady?"

"And," said Jane, lau
too old."

"You are young enough
to you, lady," said the g
twenty-five cents to 'beau
Besides, luck is missed
not on the lookout for it.
That woman, com
most heart that there are
and earth than are dreamt
What single woman d
upon earth fate keeps
soul!
It will be awfully s
nobody will ever know,
He felt in her pocke
was not there. She had
loved, to the man that
bodice that morning.
drawer of the little bo
look in it, which stood
got it. The gypsy fo
sighing, hinting at
blisses to Jane's cheek.
drawer. There lay the s
the sugar tongs, a br
Jane's only costly bit of
bills. Miss Beagle drew
a quarter, and kept it
the savings bank, which
means for a while.
Her bright eyes, set cl
eyes head—as all at a
were very bright as Miss
five cents in her hand.
have taken a notic
looking at the palm o
youthful hand that lay i
afore you. There's one
on it!"
She blushed again.
"I'll give you a har
yen up in a carriage," ad
down up, lady, your hear
not!"
"He does not care w
sighed Jane, unaware th
"Lady," said the gyps
great power. I can bri
ted. I can cure love
you and he shall come to
"What am I to do?
away by her own emot
dramatic manner.
"I'll tell you, lady," s
down here beside this
your face with this hat
afraid, it's clean; it is
Now think of him. Th
and don't move until I t
People in love are got
am afraid, and Jane had
uring the image of Mr.
in her heart for years.
ay bade her.
The next moment she
tled tightly over her ey
were tied also with a sto
She screamed, but s
her together.
"It's no use, lady," s
bloodily. "I've got the
I shan't hurt you. I'll
go."
The spoons jingled.
see, but she knew tha
drawer were being tra
pocket, and she screame
About an hour after
William Warrington Wi
house in a buggy. He
stopped to gather a bun
fence from a full bos
had pulled lilacs for h
he put them to his nos
"Something is the ma
out stopping to the his
garden and up the path
The kitchen was emp
on the floor, the pail
done that as she depart
heard. William rushe
and found Jane with
black silk handkerchief
bound.
In a moment he had
she sat in her chair. "St
to herself; but Mr. W
Winkum noticed that she had nice plump arms
under her tucked-up sleeves, and that her big
frightened eyes were blue indeed. Happily,
she had not shed a tear.

"I've been tied here for I don't know how
long, Mr. Winkum," she said. "Oh, how
thankful I am you came by! I have been
robbed of everything I have—my silver, my
money, my jewelry. What I shall do I don't
know."

"Unprotected women," said Mr. Winkum,

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 18, 1881.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Or., as second-class matter.

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Sunday and Weekly Oregonian, per year	3 00
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Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday excepted	25
Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday included	30

President Arthur is making up an out-and-out Grant third-term cabinet.

Dr. Holland's "Bitter Sweet" has had the largest sale of any poem ever published in this country—250,000 copies.

Secretary Frelinghuysen was among the losers by the Newark bank defalcation. The amount was $25,600. He gets back 75 per cent.

Shallow writers have said and keep saying that it is highly honorable to the country that Guiteau is awarded "a fair trial." On the contrary the performance at Washington is a national shame.

Dan Rice, the ex-circus clown, to a Wheeling reporter: "For nine years I received $1000 a week and was surrounded by flatterers. Now I'm too poor to get along, and haven't a friend in the world. I exclaim: 'Is life worth living?'"

"I'd rather be hung as a man than acquitted as a fool," shrieked the inspired in the excess of his wounded vanity, when the experts passed judgment on his case. On this one proposition the public is in hearty accord with the writhing reptile.

A new division has been created by the Northern Pacific, to be called the Missoula division. It covers the distance between the Little Blackfoot and the junction of the Flat Head and Missoula rivers. J. G. P. Weekes is the engineer in charge.

If anybody has made the mistake of supposing Josh Billings a fool let him correct himself by noting this saying: "I wouldn't give five cents to hear Bob Ingersoll on 'the mistakes of Moses,' but would give $500 to hear Moses on the mistakes of Bob Ingersoll."

The contractor on the Northern Pacific's Rocky mountain division expects to out at least 600 feet of the tunnel by the 1st of April next, working from the east end only. After that date double sets of men will be employed, and progress made at the rate of 300 feet per month.

A New York paper says that just after the holidays some Mexican mining properties will be put on the market, in which "there will be a great deal of money for those who get in first and get out first." Here is a whole volume of comment on the shrewd rigging of mining schemes.

Senator Lapham has introduced a bill to punish attempts to take the life of the president of the United States. It makes the penalty, upon conviction, imprisonment for life, such imprisonment to be by solitary confinement or hard labor, in the discretion of the court. The lash ought to be added.

Lewis and Clark, when they passed the mouth of the Willamette—which they called the Multnomah—conjectured from the volume of the river that its sources were "far toward the Gulf of California." Their map, constructed on this and other guesses, is a good graphical curiosity.

Baron Von Steuben said to a Cincinnati reporter: "Mr. Blaine is the most dignified and at the same time the most agreeable and cordial man I have met in this country. It is no wonder to me this nation honors him as one of its greatest men, and I have not the slightest doubt that his popularity will increase as time progresses.

Civilization begins to enervate the people of Eastern Idaho. Last month a piano made its appearance upon the Blackfoot, and the landlord of the "Fighting Bears," who had long and nobly resisted the innovation of table cloths, was compelled at last to strike his colors to a Yankee newcomer, who advertised "clean plates at every meal."

The London *Times* says that England can not allow any route of commerce between the two oceans that bound the American continent to be held by American guns. Yet the route between the Atlantic and Indian oceans, by way of the Mediterranean and the Suez canal, is held under British guns. Mr. Blaine's illustration from the policy of England have gone directly to the point.

"The stone rejected of the builders," is in very truth becoming the cornerstone of the reform edifice of Great Britain. Irish land laws and agitation already bear legitimate fruit in the shape of a farmers' league in Scotland, which demands a general reduction of rents, compensation for improvements, abolition of entail and hypotheca and other action favorable to tenant farmers.

This is the season when the hot buckwheat cake lays the foundation of indigestive death. It is most loved and most deadly with the syrup of the maple tree, and thus accompanied it has entered nearly every home in the land. The crop of headstones for children is always largest after a fine yield of buckwheat. Gentlemen in the marble-cutting line can never be sufficiently thankful for good harvests of it.

Guiteau's appearance on the witness stand has given the question to the "non-accountability" theory. If he is insane it is only as evil is always and everywhere a want of sanity. The clean man, morally and mentally, is the only sane man. The assassin seems to be of those who say "Evil be thou my good!" In that sense, with his egotism added, and in no other, we judge Guiteau to be untrammeled by sanity.

The Pennsylvania railway has adopted a new invention for convenience of the traveling public. It consists of a roll of linen wound on a cylinder at the end of the car, and containing the names of the different stations. A lever in the locomotive, touched by the hand of the engineer, displays the name of the station which the train is approaching. The passenger need not fear that he will be carried beyond his station, and is relieved of the necessity of making inquiries.

A London medical journal declares that the great prevalence of neuralgia—of what commonly goes by the name—should be regarded as a warning indicative of a low condition of health, which must necessarily render its subjects peculiarly susceptible to the invasion of disease of an aggressive type. It is always essential that the vital forces should be vigorous, and the nerve power, in especial, in full development; but neuralgia indicates a low or depressed state of vitality—a poor and weak state—and should be promptly placed under treatment.

The widows of the soldiers and sailors of the war of 1812 are blessed with a remarkable degree of health, strength and longevity. According to the latest official reports from Washington, 26,000 of these interesting ladies present themselves every three months before the accredited agents of the government and draw their pensions with a precision that shows a high condition of financial discipline. Now of the widows of soldiers of that war have died, or each soldier must have had many wives.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* condenses a great deal of common sense into a few words when it says that the fraudulent part of the medical expert in insanity in murder trials is that he pretends to know better than other men, and to know positively, whether a stated line of conduct proves insanity. In fact no knows no better than other men. Another part of his fraud is that he pretends there is a defined line between the sane and the insane, and that he is expert to tell who is on one side, and who on the other. Yet he cannot define insanity, nor define the relation of what he calls insanity to moral responsibility. Another part of his quackery is that he assumes to pronounce, upon a certain line of irrational conduct, that the person is insane, and therefore is not responsible for the crime, as if he did not know its nature, and did not know right from wrong. The insane experts are a pretty bad lot of cranks, and are largely promoters of the murdering cranks.

THE GREAT WEBSTER.

Boston papers say that the centennial birthday of Daniel Webster, which will occur on the 18th of January next, will be celebrated in that city and at his birthplace in New Hampshire, and at Dartmouth college, where he was educated. "It is difficult," says the Chicago *Tribune*, "to believe that this great man has been dead for thirty years. It seems only yesterday that he was in the full vigor of his intellectual power, and that what he thought and said was still of positive importance to his fellow citizens."

It is difficult because the man's mind was so profound and his heart was so tender, that what he thought and spoke is what the best hearts of the world always long to hear. Like Plato and Socrates, the words he left have such a vitality and freshness that they never stale. They are not like the words of ordinary great men. Old men remember that when they were school boys they were wont to commit extracts from Webster's speeches for declamation days, and now, wiser by themselves and when their hearts are full of the love of country and of nature, the best way to express their thoughts is by repeating over again the same words that they declaimed in school. Webster had some elements of greatness that no other man which America has produced possessed. We have had plenty of patriots, plenty of national men, but somehow Webster seemed only bound by the shores of the universe, and there was a majesty about him which always seemed a little more than the majesty of this world.

MOUND BUILDERS.

Throughout a large portion of the Mississippi valley the remains of a former race of inhabitants are found, of whose origin and history we have no knowledge, and who are known to us only by the relics which are found in the tumuli which they constructed. The mound-builders were a numerous people, entirely distinct from the North American Indians, and they lived so long before the latter that they are not known to them even by tradition. They were industrious and domestic in their habits, and the finding of large sea shells which must have been brought from the Gulf of Mexico, if not from more distant shores, proves that they had communication with other tribes. Perhaps the most interesting fact connected with this ancient people is that they had a written language. This is proved by some inscribed tablets that have been discovered in the mounds, the most important of which belong to the Davenport (Iowa), Academy of Sciences. These tablets have attracted great attention from archæologists, and it is thought that they will some time prove of great value as records of the people who wrote them. It is still uncertain whether the language was generally understood by the mound-builders, or whether it was confined to a few persons of high rank. In the mound where two of the tablets were discovered the bones of a child were found, partially preserved by contact with a large number of copper beads, and as copper was a rare and precious metal with them, it would seem that the mound in question was used for burial of persons of high rank. The inscriptions have not been deciphered, for no key to them has yet been found. We are totally ignorant of the derivation of the language, or of its affinities with other written languages. From the size and peculiarities of the pipes, it is inferred that smoking was not habitual with them, but that it was reserved as a kind of ceremonial observance. Our knowledge of the habits and customs of the mound-builders is very incomplete, but it is sufficient to show that at least part of this country was once inhabited by a people who have passed away without leaving so much as a tradition of their existence, and who are only known to us through the silent relics which have been interred for centuries.

WHAT INVENTION MAY DO.

The possibilities of science, when applied to the industrial arts, are so very great that careful people hesitate to state them for fear of exciting ridicule. So, as *The Hour* notes, in articles which have recently been published in London as well as New York a humorous turn has been given to some of the possible results of invention in these days. Were an Englishman of the time of Elizabeth to have been told that water would be supplied to every house by means of pipes, that a combustible gas would be distributed in a similar manner from a central reservoir, that messages would be sent across continents and under oceans in a few minutes, he would have set down his informant as a lunatic, or, at best, the very wildest of dreamers. The man of to-day would be quite as incredulous if told what inventions and applications of science may do for the people of 1981. One writer ventures to predict that in the twentieth century electricity will accomplish marvels which now seem too absurd to seriously set forth. Chops and steaks will be cooked by electric sparks so as to make the Frenchman's *cotelette a la minute* a reality. The fruits of the earth will be multiplied enormously by the use of electric light behind colored glass. Fruits and vegetables will be grown all the year round, winter and summer, day and night, so that the field which now produces a hundred bushels of any product will yield ten thousand.

We now cook our food, but take our air and water raw, and through these two elements come all the disorders and contagions which afflict humanity. In the future water will be distilled and prepared for human use and thereby purified from all germs of disease, while air will not be breathed by human beings until it has been cleared of all noxious qualities, after which it will be admitted to the glass-covered streets and dwellings in which the man of the future will live. Houses and places of business will be situated in immense enclosed edifices, the air of which will not only be rendered wholesome, but delightful to the sense of smell. Summer and winter, so far as extreme cold or heat is concerned, will be abolished, as the temperature can be controlled by artificial means, and all parts of the globe will become equally inhabitable. Day will have no attractions over night, for the artificial light will be more pleasing than any which the great luminary of day can give us.

Then, of course, the air will be navigated, which will help to change the appearance of the surface of the earth, for the great cities will then be situated on healthful hilltops, instead of on the insalubrious plains below. With the great motors shortly to be discovered, huge mountain chains which obstruct man's progress in any direction can be leveled, while the ice-packs around the two poles can be liquified and made navigable.

All this seems wild enough, but no doubt very great changes will occur. If food can be produced by improved methods, with less cost, the problem of poverty is solved. If machinery continues to replace handwork, the hours of labor must be shortened and its value increased; but to accomplish this, a social revolution will be needed by which labor-saving machines will be worked for the benefit of the laborer and not in competition with him.

WHY DO NOT MEN GO TO CHURCH?

It is an old assertion, though not therefore necessarily true, that women are more moral than men. Certainly they have deeper religious sensibility, and as a rule hold more firmly to religious faith. Man suppresses religious emotion, and wants to reason upon the thing presented or typified. Woman gives the emotion full play and depends upon the inner sight. In the course of time man's tendency to depend upon self construction of creed leads him to ignore the doctrines of professional religious teachers. The fact is patent to every one that in our lay women in a large measure make the church. The person who looks considerately over the various congregations of Portland to-day will pretty surely observe a remarkable absence of men as compared with women. We have hinted above at some of the causes, but no one can give all. Does positive unbelief prevail so largely among men that the proclamation to them of their need of the bread of life is as a thrilling cymbal? We think not. Nor do we believe that the shallow utterances of men like Ingersoll can create a general contempt for religion; because all men have that in them which at some time in their lives shows the utter insufficiency of this world for us, reminds them of their dependence on a power above themselves. Some assert that there are so many channels for the flow of man's religious nature outside the church that he does not need the latter; that men are founding their creeds on a broader basis than sectarian limits, and therefore all that appeals to the humane and charitable finds a cordial response from man. As the New York *Tribune* says:

> There are charitable and educational enterprises of vast proportions, prison reforms, work for cause of temperance, of the elevation of the poor, all of which are conducted wholly outside of any denominational limit and which seem to many intelligent good people as necessary to the well-being of humanity as the conversion of the heathen or the Jews. Their men's money, time and activity, which, two generations ago, would probably have been spent within the pales of a church, in fighting heretics or waging polemical discussion, go now into these things."

Again, the preacher has not the position he once had. He has in his congregation men as well read and as good thinkers as himself. Culture and courtesy lead all to treat him with polite respect; but there is no veneration for him merely as a minister. Then the education which the minister now gets, in so far as it is derived from theological schools, does not put him in accord with the thinking and working methods of the current time and everyday world. Again we quote from the *Tribune:*

> Instead of being taught science, from which the enemies of Christianity now draw many of their weapons, they (students for the ministry) are drilled in dead literatures in order that they may argue with sectarian opponents on the meaning of a word. In the seminaries to which they pass from college the main object is to silence them in from all contact with the world of temptation and vice which they are to combat. Polemics and ecclesiastical history are the fields in which they are taught to work. The young pastor, when at last he has a charge, is as a rule set apart from all the ordinary experiences of life, the reading passions, the mastering sympathies which every day wrench the souls of other men. His mild theology, his carefully written sermons, drawn mostly from the knowledge of human nature given him by books, fall on the ear of the middle-aged worn men in the pews very much as do the voices of the boy choristers overheard piping sweetly of the day of judgment.

It is plain that the education of the schools has no sympathy with that instruction which men get from the world, and hence there can be no bond of union between the man who educates himself or who is educated by his circumstances, and the preacher who has a mechanical drill in the schools. When religious education is less artificial and dogmatic thinking men will be the friends of the priest and the pulpit orator. No doubt we have ministers who think of these things and who carry their thoughts much further than we can here indicate. It will not do to say that men are "joined to their idols, let them alone." That, from the pulpit, would be as superficial a view as we have on the other hand from that lofty which asserts that, "like the French, our women are all religious and our men all infidels." It certainly will not do for our priests or preachers to assume infallibility and say that men as a class do not listen to the church because depravity has warped the heart and irrevocably passed the mind.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY. By Henry James, Jr. Boston: Houghton & Co. 1882. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

The just criticism has been passed on this book that it is unsatisfactory in its beginning and in its end. But for all that it is a deeply interesting study of men and women, of motives and moods. In spite of a certain amount of irritation which it will be likely to excite; in spite of not a little thinness and unnaturalness which belong to the characters; notwithstanding the care with which they have been finished and the skill with which they are presented, one is never quite content to lay aside the volume without knowing what has become of them so far as Mr. James is willing to let his reader know. It is in the accessories rather than the central spirit of his characters that Mr. James is a modern follower of naturalism. The minuteness with which he describes their looks and acts, the apparently unnecessary precautions he takes to follow their every thought and shade of thought, would become unbearably tedious were he less subtle. One thinks, every now and then, of Trollope and its everlasting commonplaces. But Mr. James has the depth or the adroitness to turn what seems to promise to be merely a commonplace into something that has a point after all. To many readers the point may seem small—so small that it might have been omitted. But it lies with the painter whether he wants to paint a cabinet picture or dash off an impression on a big scale. In "A Portrait of a Lady" he indulges himself more than ever in the pleasure of putting in little strokes everywhere. The finest passages out of many that merit the word fine are those devoted to Ralph's talks with his lovely cousin. The figure of Ralph is appealing to start with. Wealth, posit on, education go for nothing when ill-health has crippled a man and made him ugly. His death scene is moving to a degree which Mr. James has never before attained; it may well be called his highest water mark in fiction.

BACON. By THOMAS FOWLER, Professor of Logic in the University of Oxford. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881. (English Philosophers' Series.) Sold by A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

The busy student who wishes to know precisely what it was that Bacon did to promote scientific inquiry, but who has not the leisure to read and digest the author's works for himself or to follow the elaborate expositions of Spedding and Kuno Fischer, can here find a clear answer to his question within the space of 100 pages. The first two chapters, indeed, on "Bacon's Life" and on "Bacon's Works" will probably strike the general reader as more dry than light, a fault from which compendiums are seldom free. The chapter on Bacon's "Reform of Scientific Method" contains the marrow of the book, and, with the two short chapters following, forms a masterly statement of Bacon's real service to philosophic thought. Into this part of the primer Prof. Fowler has incorporated many passages from the introduction and notes to his Oxford edition of the "Novum Organum." It is the peculiar method of Bacon to have conceived, and to a certain extent to have elaborated, a regular and scientific method, proceeding by way of elimination, and thus carrying up an effect to its cause, or following a cause into into its effects by a chain of demonstrative reasoning. This system, Prof. Fowler adds, was the beginning of a new era in the history of the methods of scientific inquiry. From Macaulay's famous essay every one learns that the spirit and results of this Baconian method were eminently practical, while the philosophy which followed Aristotle had ended in windy disputations and made no new discoveries for the relief of man's estate. The kernel of Bacon's philosophy is to be found in the second book of the "Novum Organum." The "Advancement of Learning" and first book of the "Novum Organum" are, to be sure, of the greatest value and importance as pointing out the unsatisfactory state of science at that time and laying down in weighty aphorisms the spirit and aims of the new philosophy. But the precise rule by which experiments should be conducted are first explained in the second book, in the "Tables" and "Prerogative Instances," which give directions for applying the method. It is this book alone which gives its author title to rank as the founder of a positive science—the science of inductive logic. Prof. Fowler is careful to point out that although Bacon's instances of the application of his new method are drawn mainly from the nature sciences, he considered it equally applicable to the sciences of humanity. The modern science of comparative philology, e. g., and the latest investigations in ethnology, the history of institutions, ethics etc., are in the very spirit of Bacon's Instauration. The literary criticism of Bacon's writings forms only incidental a part of our author's task, but the few hints dropped by the way show appreciation. The only book of Bacon's belonging strictly to literature are the "Essays," which "come home to men's business and bosoms." But a glowing imagination imparts to all of the great philosopher's writings a literary and even a high poetic quality such as may be found sometimes in the more eloquent passages of Huxley or Tyndal. He speaks of "the breath of hope blowing on us from that new continent," He designed himself the quaintly fanciful title page of the "Novum Organum," when a ship full in sail is seen entering the Pillars of Hercules, while the shores of the strait are strewn with the shells and blossoms of the new philosophy, and overhead is the legend, "Multi pertransibunt et scientia augebitur." It is this which gives in the reading of Bacon a perpetual stimulus and delight to the imaginations of those who care little for the history of science.

Prof. Fowler offers no additional points to the time-honored controversies touching Bacon's life and character. He agrees essentially with Spedding and other vindicators of Bacon. Yet, whatever view may be taken of Bacon's conduct in the Essex affair, or of his acceptance of bribes from Chaney, none of his modern rehabilitators would probably protest that his life was marked by high moral enthusiasm or a delicate sense of honor.

THE FRANKLIN SQUARE SONG COLLECTION. Selected by J. F. McCarty. New York: Harper & Bros. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co.

A very neat collection of old and new songs with music. They are all either of the sentimental, the national or the pathetic kind. There is no effort to present classical music but only some of the best old-time songs—those within the capacity of almost an adult voice. The author is frank enough to say he selected songs that pleased him only. He wanted a certain collect on, can't find it, and so made it. That is an excellent apology and disarms criticism. The collection is a good one and in the home circle will be fully appreciated. The music is all plainly written and in all cases four parts are given.

THE KNICKABOCY CLUB IN THE WOODS, being the Adventures of Six Young Men in the Woods of Maine and Canada. By O. A. Stephens. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

This is a book of superb illustrations and letter press, embodying the summer vacation of a party of students who rode on bycicles as far as the roads lasted and then footed it to Moosehead Lake, where they found their guns and fishing tackle awaiting them, having been previously sent ahead of them by rail. Henceforth they roughed it like voyageurs of the Hudson Bay era in Oregon, camping in the woods and shooting at everything they see. The deer, the bear and the otter, all are the targets of their rifles and one scene of a boy treed by three cats of the lynx persuasion, is told in a very laughable style. The capture of the *wenimish*, a large fish of the salmon family is also well told, but it is evident that the young man's carelessness in handling the birch canoe was the cause of the frail vessel's capsize rather than the strength of the fish himself. The story of the hedgehog climbing trees will not be readily swallowed by Oregon readers who have seen the bristling porcupine of Wasco and Grant counties or the speckled "quill pig" of California. But the "Knickabocky club" is a bonanza book for the average Oregon schoolboy. It gives him new plans for his summer holiday at Hood river or Yaquina bay, to which he is looking forward through the short and dreary winter days in school. The chapter on shooting ducks by torchlight is something beyond the marvelous experience of Bybee, Whalley or Curry, although it is possible that "Uncle Dave" Monnastes might be induced to help out with the recital of a similar adventure. The Indian guide Otelné is the central figure of the book and the night scene where Otelne calls the bull moose is a vivid piece of descriptive writing, worthy of Herbert himself. A few graphic pictures of the perils incident upon the life of a Canadian lumberman make up the other attractive features of the book.

YOUNG FOLKS' HISTORY OF RUSSIA, by Nathan Haskell Dole, translator of Rambaud's Popular History of Russia, illustrated with 108 engravings. Boston, Estes and Lauriat.

This comes nearer being a "big little book," as Carlyle said of Kingsley's "Alton Locke," than anything we have seen for some time. It is worded in a simplicity of style worthy of Jacob Abbott, so that any child's mind can easily comprehend it. It is annotated with side notes all through, fixing the chronology of events all the way from the epoch of Russia and Vladimir down to the assassination of Alexander II, on the 13th day of March last. Its illustrations are superbly executed, whether the portraits which comprise the greater number of pictures are correct likenesses or not. It contains 320 pages of closely printed matter, and is divided into seven periods of the history of the empire. Seldom have we seen a historian work better adapted to the use of youth. The chapters on the Krim war, or as we call it, the "Crimean war," are briefly and fairly stated, and it was about that time that the people in the land of Washington first began to study the history of the land of Peter the Great. The story of "Distrin the Brigand of Tushino," is one of the best told in the book, but many of them are recitals of fearful brutality. It is a book of rare merit, and yet not altogether a book to put into everyboy's hand, for it is hard always to distinguish between heroism and brutality.

"Bibliographer's Manual," and has found the article in the Encyclopedia Britannica, written by Mr. J. R. Finlay, one of De Quincey's most intimate friends, in his last years of special service. He also claims sound advantage, to use his own words, "in having myself met and conversed with De Quincey, so as to retain a perfect recollection of his appearance, voice and manner, and in being familiar with the scenes amid which he spent the last nine and twenty years of his life." Harper & Brothers.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, have issued a cheap edition of Prof. Moses Coit Tyler's History of American Literature from 1607 to 1765. A former edition was published in two separate volumes, which were sold at $6. The present edition embraces both volumes in one, and is sold at a greatly reduced rate. The work was received with high favor when it first made its appearance, and its reputation has been steadily gaining. It is now conceded to be the standard authority on its subject. Prof. Tyler, formerly of the university of Michigan, now professor of American history and literature in Cornell university, is an accomplished scholar in his department, and has made entirely original investigations in the preparation of this history. He has gone a hundred years further back than other historians and has gathered rich fruits from many quarters that had been quite overlooked by his predecessors. In the course of the year 1882 he expects to publish another volume on the literature of the revolutionary period. His works are distinguished by a continued philosophic reference to the spirit of the times in which the writers lived, of whom he takes notice, and by brief and striking illustrative quotations from the authors mentioned. The history thus far well deserves the high commendations which it has received from the press of the country. Sold by A. L. Bancroft & Co., Portland.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

Signal service United States army. Division of telegrams and reports for the benefit of commerce and agriculture. Report for the last 24 hours. The following observations are taken at the same moment of time at all the stations named.

PORTLAND, Dec. 17, 7:57 P. M.

Place of Observation	Height of Barom.	Change last 3 Hours.	Ther.	Direction	Wind Velocity	Rain fall in inches	State of weath.
Portland	30.20	01	50	S	20	.20	Fair
Olympia	30.06	04	49	S	8	.63	Rear
Roseburg	30.31	—04	48	S	8	.09	Fair
Red Bluff	30.20	04	48	S	8	.00	.....
Sacramento	30.22	05	46	.....	.....	.00	.....

Umatilla—Line down.

River 4 feet 5 inches above low water mark; fallen 2 inches.

Maximum temperature, 55.8 degrees; min mum temperature, 47.6 degrees.

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

DEEDS.

Amos N. King and wife to William Sweeney. Five acres, being part of King's donation land claim. Dec. 15. $1,500.

Chas. Fishel and Octavia Fishel to J. R. Strong. Lot 6 and 7, block 101 in Couch's addition. Dec. 16. $2,500.

Kit Carson Payne and John Milton Payne to P. J. Smith. About 8 acres in S W ¼, N E ¼ and N W ¼ of S E ¼, and lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 of S 6, T 1 N, R 1 E. Dec. 17. $5,000.

P. S. Winslow to R. J. Stewart. 12½ acres, part of L. W. Nelson donation land claim in S 3, T 1 S, R 2 E. Dec. 13. $600.

TO PURCHASERS OF DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, ETC.

It having come to our notice that we have been illegitimately undersold of late, we beg to inform our patrons and the public generally, that hereafter we will disregard the price that goods in our line are usually sold at, and sell our goods at such rates that will defy competition. We will positive y sell at wholesale rates.

HENRICHSEN & GREENBERG,
PORTLAND, Dec. 17. 149 First street.

Mme. Vertier, Third and Morrison streets, has now in stock a great variety of imported lace goods, besides fancy goods—all suitable for Christmas presents. Prices rule low. Good stamping done.

MEETING NOTICES.

Imp. O. K. M.—The regular meeting of Multnomah Tribe, No. 3, will hereafter be held at the wigwam on Saturday night at 7:30 o'clock, instead of on Tuesday as heretofore. JOHN BELSER, Sachem.
S. L. NORDER, C. Recorder.
Portland, Dec. 9, 1881. d10d8t14w

DIED.

In this city, Mrs. Emily Clark, at the residence of her son, James Hackney.
Funeral Sunday, at 2:30 P. M., from 209 Main street. Friends and acquaintances invited to attend.

BORN.

In this city, December 10, to the wife of W. J. Weber, a son. Mother and child doing well.

NEW TO-DAY.

Irish Land League will meet this afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, at Red Men's Hall, over Prentiss's music store. A full attendance is requested to hear S. H. Green, Esq., on the cause of Ireland. Music and singing by the glee club. R. D. PATT, Pres.
M. J. DUGGAN, Sec. d18

SITUATION WANTED—BY A GIRL; WELL recommended; a good cook. Inquire at corner Ladd and Sixth Sts., East Portland. 1t

A COMPETENT NATIVE FRENCH TEACHER wishes to teach in a family for board, with the privilege of teaching outside. Address MME. CARLING, Richmond House, cor. C and Second Sts. d18d2t

A PROFESSIONAL ACCOUNTANT, HAVING A large practical experience in opening, closing and adjusting books, posting ledgers, wishes to parties desiring such service. Satisfactory references. Address d18d2t ACCOUNTANT, P. O. Box 386.

MONEY TO LOAN; IN AMOUNTS TO SUIT borrowers. McDOUGALL & BOWER, Attorneys, No. 135 First St. 1t

McDOUGALL & BOWER,
Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law,
Attorneys for the New England Mortgage Security Co., and for the American Mortgage Co. of Scotland, and Merchants' Mortgage Co., of London, Limited.

TO HOTEL-KEEPERS—WE ARE PREPARED to build a hotel of 13 to 35 rooms at the north end of the city for a suitable tenant. d18d3t J. FRED CLARK & CO., 28 Washington St.

LOST—A PACKAGE OF LETTERS AND PAPERS, of no value only to owner. Finder please leave at 166 First St., and be rewarded. 1t

TO LOAN.
$6000 ON PORTLAND OR EAST PORTLAND Real Estate.
$3000 on Portland or East Portland Real Estate.
$2500 on Portland or East Portland Real Estate.
$5000 on Portland or East Portland Real Estate.
d18d3t P. P. LOWENBLE, Agent,
Portland, Dec. 17, 1881. No. 8 Morrison St.

FOR RENT.
A NEW AND PRETTY COTTAGE OF 6 ROOMS; bath room, cellar and other conveniences. The furniture for sale. J. FRED. CLARK & CO., d18d3t 28 Washington St.

SITUATION WANTED—BY A WOMAN, TO DO housework and cook in private family, or chamberwork in a hotel. Apply at 184 Fourth St., between Yamhill and Taylor. d17d3t

SITUATION WANTED—BY A SOBER, STEADY Frenchman, as porter or anything else; speaks good English and Spanish. Address THOMAS PLARDE at this office. d17d3t

CORNER LOT, IMPROVED, MACADAMIZED street, new sewer, new sidewalks and cottage containing five rooms, nicely furnished, all in good condition. Within three minutes walk of the street cars. House and lots sold without furniture. Easy terms. Inquire at 63 West Park street, corner of D. dec 1 1m

WANTED—A SITUATION BY A COMPETENT druggist. Address A1 MAIL this office. d16d6t

WANTED—BY A PARTY OF GENTLEMEN, A nicely furnished house. Requirements: Central location; two large club rooms; eight bedrooms. Address A. B. C., Oregonian Office. d16d3t

WANTED—BY A GENTLEMAN AND WIFE furnished rooms suitable for light housekeeping, near the business portion of the city; surroundings must be pleasant and clean. References exchanged. Address BOB, Oregonian Office. d16d3t

WANTED—A SITUATION AS BOOK-KEEPER, purser or clerk, by a young man who is a thorough accountant. Address A. B. C., this office. d16d3w

FOR SALE.
THE BEST LODGING HOUSE IN THE CITY, on account of departure; centrally located, elegantly furnished, and doing a good business. Price reasonable; terms easy, half cash, and time allowed on balance. Address A. L., Oregonian office. d15d12t

FOR SALE.
LOT 4, BLOCK 258, IN CITY (TAYLOR AND Ninth), with two houses. For particulars inquire of M. E. O., 70 Yamhill St. d12d3t

PRIVATE BOARDING.
BOARD AND ROOMS WANTED—A GENTLEMAN and wife want board and rooms in a private family near the business part of the town. First-class accommodations required. References exchanged. Address "BOB," this office. d16d3t

FOR SALE—A NICE LOT
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OKER. Librarian and Secy.

Sunday Oregonian.
MORNING, DECEMBER 18, 1881.

PROBABILITIES.

SPECIAL TO THE OREGONIAN.] Portland, Dec. 17.—midnight—Indications for Monday, warmer, cloudy weather, partly cloudy raining.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

Capt. J. B. Wheat returns by the Oregon on his extended trip east.

Hon. W. P. Thompson will leave for Washington, D. C., by the Columbia,

Mrs. C. G. Skidmore returns by the steamer Ancram to-night from a visit to San Francisco.

Mr. O. B. Bird leaves by to-night's steamer seeking restoration to health in California.

Mrs. Paul and Miss Sallie Teal, whose health is greatly improved, returned Thursday from Southern California.

Miss Minnie Cardinall, of San Francisco, who has been visiting her cousin, Mrs. C. A. Dolph, returned by to-night's steamer.

Mrs. Robert Strahorn and infant son, of New Jersey, her daughter, Mrs. Harry McCarney, and Mrs. L. B. Harris of Walla Walla, are at the Clarendon, and will visit Columbia to spend the winter in Portland.

Mrs. Louise Keefer, of Harrisburg, Pa., son and daughter Keefer, U. S. A., was at Vancouver barracks last week, the guest of his brother, Lieut. J. W. Duncan. 21st infantry, and yesterday departed for Walla Walla to visit her parents.

NOTES.

The Ladies' Literary Society will give a ball Tuesday evening.

Mr. W. Holt C. Wilson entertained a number of friends last Wednesday evening.

The young men of Walla Walla have a club known as "The Jolly Twelve."

The Wright Post G. A. R., will give their first masquerade at Turn-Halle next month.

Invitations to the number of thirty or forty were issued by Miss Fannie Therkelson with a party last Wednesday evening.

Miss A. Cresswell, formerly a student of the University, was married at Weston recently to Dr. E. P. Eagan of that place.

Last Monday evening, a very pleasant surprise party was tendered Miss Gussie Sellwood, of Oswego City—the occasion of her birthday.

At a meeting of the Delta Literary Society the following officers were elected: President, Miss Minnie A. Carson; vice president, E. E. Dickinson; secretary, Miss Florence Keefer.

The dramatic entertainment will be given Wednesday night, December 21st, at Armory hall, under the auspices of the young ladies of the Unitarian church. H. D. McKenney will appear as Sonora Witherell will give a reading as Lady of Lyons, assisted by Miss Lena Widow Melnotte. Prof. Morgan and A. L. Dimick will give a farce entitled "The School for Scandal," in the parts of Sir Peter and Lady Teazle. A farce comedy entitled, "The Last Loaf" will be given by Prof. Balfour, H. D. McGuire, Miss Lena Morgan and Miss A. L. Dimick. There will be music and recitations by well known ability.

Last evening, being the twenty-fifth anniversary wedding of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Spencer, in the evening a party was tendered them, consisting of their many friends and relatives, one at the residence of Mr. Spencer and one at the residence of Mr. Burkhart, and proceeding simultaneously at the gate of the new Gridley residence the inmates by a genuine "house warming." The host quickly arranged for the silver with the *Register*, and with Mrs. Spencer and G. W. Durgin, Esq., were duly remarried by Rev. Mr. Hemphill, pastor of the church, who tied the knot over again in a thorough manner after the fashion. The ceremony in the auditorium of the church was witnessed by a crowd of the friends of the parties. At the conclusion of the ceremony and congratulations, a reception at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer, a very large number of guests being present. The bride is the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the late J. N. Coghill, a prominent merchant of San Francisco. The groom is the eldest son of Judge S. C. Hastings, and a prominent attorney of the city.

Mr. Lord has a second hand Peake, good as new, at 153 Third street, which he will sell at once.

Mr. Clifford Coggins is now in Arizona.

The Columbia sails for San Francisco at midnight.

Mrs. Rev. S. C. Price of East Portland, is seriously ill.

Leave of absence for ten days has been granted Capt. Frank E. Taylor of Fort Canby.

Mr. Simon Harris has recovered sufficiently from his stroke to be again upon the streets.

Yesterday the stock of the Oregon and Transcontinental Company, was put on the list operated in by the New York stock board.

The very able memorial to congress which will be presented by Mayor Thompson was prepared by Mr. F. Vigna Andrews of this city.

The American bark Elmira Robinson, lying at the foot of D street, has been undergoing repairs during the past week, putting in a new mast, overhauling the rigging, etc., and will soon be ready to receive her cargo.

Mr. J. Murphy, formerly partner of Mr. H. L. Herman in the grocery business, returned last week from Boston where he had been visiting relatives, after an absence of twenty-six years. He came through Arizona on his way to Oregon.

The following letters are uncalled for at Wells, Fargo & Co's office: E. Bercuo, Miss Mollie Crowley, Dickson, DeWolf & Co., Chas. Houstin, H. Kirschbrown, Mrs. M. Melane, E. H. Mix, Owen Rodgers, J. Sanders, Sweeney & Gilmour, W. G. Williams.

The feast of Hannucca, in commemoration of the victories of the Maccabees over the Syrians, will be celebrated this evening in the synagogue, corner Fifth and Oak streets. The rabbi will preach as usual in English, on the topic of the day. Service begins at 7 P. M.

Two splendid cows were brought into Portland yesterday from the stock farm of S. G. Reed in Washington county. They are both stall fed, the largest weighing in the vicinity of 2000 pounds, and the smaller probably 1500. They are to be sold for beef.

Since our system of street "improvement" went into operation Portland school children sing:

"Dirty days hath September,
April, June and November;
All the rest have thirty-one—
If any had thirty-two
They'd be very dirty too."

GUILTY OF MANSLAUGHTER.

The case of Robert Lampert, indicted for murder in the second degree for killing Julia A. Clark above Frank Harrington's saloon, Sunday evening, September 18, was tried in the state circuit court yesterday. Lampert was defended by Messrs. Page, Clarno and Bingham. The testimony developed nothing further than was contained in THE OREGONIAN'S account published the morning following the homicide. The case went to the jury last night and after deliberation of less than an hour they returned a verdict charging him with manslaughter. He will be sentenced tomorrow.

INCORPORATIONS YESTERDAY.

The following articles of incorporation were filed in the county clerk's office yesterday:

Bank of Oregon. Incorporators Robert Bell, E. G. Hughes and Wm. Donholm. Capital \$100,000; object, a general banking business.

Oregon and Washington Mortgage Savings Bank of Oregon; Wm. Reid, E. G. Hughes and Wm. Lowe. Capital stock, \$100,000; object, regular banking business.

Columbia Transportation Company; U. B. Scott, H. Drake and C. A. Mann, incorporators. Capital, \$17,000; object, conducting transportation business on Willamette and Columbia rivers, build, own and operate steamboats, barges, railroad and telegraph lines, warehouses, shops, docks, etc.

THE ANNIE STEWART SNAGGED.

The steamer Annie Stewart while being towed into the Puyallup river ran on a snag and sunk. The tide running out left her on an uneven bottom and wrenched her out of shape. She being an old boat and partly dismantled it was deemed best to remove her boiler and machinery, and any moveable articles of value and abandon her. This is now being done and what is left will be a trifling loss.

THE BANK OF OREGON.

To-morrow morning, the Bank of Oregon, which was incorporated yesterday, will commence business in the room corner First and Ash, recently vacated by the Portland Savings Bank. The capital stock is \$100,000, and the business will be confined for the present to receiving deposits and making loans on mortgages, although articles of incorporation permit general commercial business. The officers are: President, Robert Bell; vice-president, Ellis G. Hughes; cashier, Wm. Donholm. These likewise constitute the board of directors.

THE HOLIDAY "TELEGRAM."

Proof sheets of two illustrated pages of the *Evening Telegram's* Christmas number have come from the lithographer's hands and are pronounced by all who have seen them as being the handsomest work of the kind ever seen on the coast, if not indeed in the United States. The number will have four pages of engravings, including the finest business blocks and residences in Portland, and scenery along the Columbia. Four hundred copies have been ordered for delivery in Washington, D. C. These may have no little influence in securing the desired appropriations for improving the Columbia and Willamette rivers. The edition will reach 80,000 copies.

MOVING WHEAT MORE PROMPTLY.

In order that wheat may be promptly moved from the Cascades to this city, the O. R. & N. Co., have ceased sending railroad iron up the river and store it on their own and leased docks here. It requires from five to ten days to load a barge with iron, and the time can not be well spared in the present great rush. So barges are loaded with bridge timber for the Cascades-Dalles division at night, are towed up and unloaded the next day, and the following day come down wheat laden. Enough rails have been taken to the front to lay the track from The Dalles to the Cascades and no more will be needed up the Columbia, the wheat blockade is over.

IN NEW QUARTERS.

Yesterday the traffic departments of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, and the Northern Pacific, which have been consolidated under the management of Mr. John Muir, superintendent of traffic, moved into new rooms specially fitted up for their occupancy, in the second story of Zeta Pet building, immediately south of present quarters. There are two large rooms for use of clerks and a private office for the superintendent. The main room has communication with the five principal offices of the companies by means of speaking tubes. Mr. Martin Winch, general baggage agent, will occupy the rooms vacated by the general freight and passenger office.

A GENEROUS OFFER.

A gentleman of Portland wishes to make three Christmas gifts. One of \$50 will be given to a widow and her children; one of \$30 to an old couple who are living by their own support, and \$20 to a family. Now, those of our responsible citizens who know of such cases in real want will please address "Charity," care OREGONIAN, not later than the 22d. They will know by THE OREGONIAN of the 24th who will receive the gifts, as the donor will be the judge, after reading the applications, who shall be the most in need of it. The right name must be given. On Christmas evening the money can be had by calling at THE OREGONIAN office and being identified as the person whose name the gift is addressed to.

PROPOSED CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

Officers of the board of trade and several prominent capitalists during the past week have been discussing the feasibility of erecting a building to be known as the chamber of commerce. The plans, which have not yet been fully developed are about as follows: It is proposed to put up a four or five-story block in a central location, fitted up in modern style with elevators, steam heaters, etc., the first story to be rented for stores and the other floors for offices. In this building will be brought together, if possible, the board of trade, the merchants' exchange, the Merchants' Protective Union and offices of a similar character. Ultimately it is expected to establish a produce exchange. A building of this character will, in time bring under one roof the principal grain and commission houses, and will no doubt prove a profitable investment. It is understood that ten capitalists have expressed a willingness to subscribe \$10,000 each to the enterprise.

GUILTY OF ARSON.

The arson case of T. W. Andrews which has been pending in the circuit court for the past three days, closed yesterday, the jury returning a verdict of guilty. It has been stated and is generally understood, that Hall, who was indicted with Andrews and Wiseman, had turned state's evidence, so called, but such is not the case. The truth of the matter, although not shown in the evidence, is, that Andrews owed Hall some money which he promised to pay upon receiving his insurance, but instead of settling as agreed, left town, leaving Hall in the lurch. Hall then made a complaint charging him and Wiseman with arson, but the circumstances at the time showing that he was implicated also, indictments were found against them all. But the subsequent evidence in the case showing that Hall was not accessory to the crime, upon motion of District Attorney Caples, the indictment against him was withdrawn and his testimony being needed by the prosecution he was subpenaed as a witness. It is not yet determined whether Wiseman will be tried during this term of court, but whether it may be, he will also have to answer to the charge of arson, as the law in this state admits of no such thing as an accessory to a crime of this kind, but holds any party implicated just as guilty as the actual perpetrator. He is now at liberty under \$2000 bonds. It has always been almost impossible to convict a person of arson from the fact that the deed is usually committed at night, and all evidence which might convict such person is destroyed by the flames. For this reason Hon. J. F. Caples and M. F. Mulkey, assistant prosecuting attorney, deserve credit in convicting Andrews, who is the second man ever proven guilty of arson in Multnomah county. He will receive sentence to-morrow.

REASONS FOR RE-INCORPORATION.

Under the amended tax law of 1880 the judge of Linn county recently decided that a farmers who had indebtedness in the shape of mortgages due to the South (Reid's company, or to the New England mortgage (Oeclock's) company, or any San Francisco or Eastern corporation could not, although such companies had resident agents and offices in the state, deduct from the assessed value of their farms the amount of such indebtedness, whether made payable within the state or not, for the reason that these companies were foreign corporations and non-residents, no matter whether they paid taxes in any other county. This was a loss from 1½ to 2½ per cent. yearly to the borrower in addition to the interest paid. Since 1876 the Scotch bank has regularly paid state, county and city taxes at Port and and this decision operated seriously to the injury of its loaning business in Oregon. There was no other legal remedy than to form a state resident bank incorporated under the laws of Oregon, hence the incorporation yesterday of the Oregon and Washington Mortgage Savings Bank of Oregon as a state chartered institution which will carry on its business in the same building and as formerly, under Mr. William Reid's management and obtain the same benefits of deduction of indebtedness as other state banks.

If this decision of Linn county be sustained by the supreme court, as is the universal opinion of lawyers that it will be persons indebted to the foreign banks of Portland will not be permitted to deduct their indebtedness, whether such banks pay taxes or not, which seems a great hardship that ought to be remedied by the next legislature. In the Scotch company's case, its directors were so annoyed at this decision that they at one time seriously considered the wisdom of retiring from making further loans till the law was changed.

HANDSOMELY RECOGNIZED.

General Nelson A. Miles, commanding the department of the Columbia, takes occasion to praise several officers through an official order, as follows:

The marked zeal and skill manifested by the officers, and the energy and labor given to the work by the soldiers of this command, in constructing military roads and telegraph lines within this department during the present year, the department commander considers worthy of special mention.

Telegraph line from Ashland to Klamath, Oregon, under charge of Captain George H. Burton, 21st infantry.

Telegraph line from Camp Spokane to Spokane Falls, W. T., under charge of Captain James Miller, 2d infantry, and Lieutenant F. J. Patten, 21st infantry.

Reconnoissance of line between Cape Flattery and Port Townsend, W. T., under charge of Captain S. P. Jocelyn, 21st infantry.

Military wagon road between Fort Colville and Camp Spokane, W. T., under charge of Captain W. F. Drum, 2d infantry, and Captain E. Hunter, 1st cavalry.

Repairs to the Mullan wagon road, under charge of 2d Lieutenant William Moffatt, 2d infantry.

These lines have been constructed rapidly and well by the troops under difficult circumstances.

The opening of necessary military routes of travel and lines of communication is a part of the difficult labor of the army, and is of great value to the government, not only in military operations and in promoting its postal facilities, but is a benefit to the public for all time.

In this connection the department commander would mention the examination of the Columbia river and adjacent country by Lieutenant Thomas W. Symons, corps of engineers, accompanied by topographical assistant Alfred Downing and five Indians, in which he made the hazardous journey in an Indian canoe from Kettle Falls to the mouth of the Snake river, obtaining much important information, valuable for future military purposes.

PRIVATE MASQUERADE AT SEATTLE.

Last Tuesday evening Mrs. Jennings and Mrs. Brooks of Seattle gave a splendid masquerade party at their residence on Front street. Among those who appeared en masque were: Miss Meigs, peasant; Miss Lena Smith, domino; Mrs. Bagley, coming; Mrs. A. M. Snyder, pink domino; Miss Tibbetts, Summer; Miss Mills Nancy in "Marthe;" Miss Louise Coombs, cousins; Miss Minnie Hinds, morning; Miss Lizzie Hinds, night; Mrs. Joseph F. McNaught, Margaret; Miss Katie Sparling, flower girl; Mrs. James McNaught, Dame Crump; Mrs. G. Kellogg, night; Mrs. J. C. Grasse, domino; Mrs. Lyons, grandma; Mrs. McIntosh, Revolutionary days; Mrs. Dave Kellogg, Precilla; Mrs. Geo. Moore, Spanish costume; Miss Josie Livingston, waiting maid; Miss Minnie Sparling, lace costume; Miss Hyde, Pretty Peggy; Miss May Thornton, Dolly Varden; Miss Anna Bean, Queen Elizabeth; Mrs. Capt. Geo. D. Hill, baby; Mrs. Geo. B. Reynolds, advertisement; Mrs. McLure, summer; Mrs. Mrs. Sloan, belle of the evening; Mrs. Chick, Polly Madison; Mrs. Pearce, domino; Mrs. Wheeler, Pretty Peggy; Miss Lizzie Edwards, alphabet; Mrs. M. R. Maddocks, old lady. Mrs. Prosser, domino; Mrs. C. McDonald, Turkish lady; Mrs. Gatzert, popcorn; Mrs. E. P. Ferry, lacy of the olden time. Geo. Moore, monk; Col. W. Prosser, monk; A. F. Naylor, page; Capt. M. Snyder, Jr., mephistophiles; Clarence Coulter, the blue; A. M. Snyder, mask; S. C. Woodruff, gnome; Mort Coombs, sailor boy; Clarence Hanford, count; Chas. Anderson, citizen of 1876. Jos. F. McNaught, Don Sebastian; Wm. Carkeek domino; J. H. Mitchell, half and half; T. R. Dumphrey, Irish Mick; Gardner Kellogg, domino; Geo. Wortman, LaFayette; Geo. Spencer, Aunt Gemima; F. Coulter, Simon; Capt. Geo. D. Hill, clergyman; G. Morris Haller, friar of orders grey; A. M. Brooks, Sheeney; Fred E. Sander, sea captain; R. M. Crawford, Sir Walter Raleigh; N. S. Snyder, H. M. S. Pinafore; C. S. McClure, summer; J. J. Shepard, courtier; W. A. Jennings, French count; F. Hanford, Oxford student; Dr. J. C. Grasse, Turk; D. F. Wheeler, domino; A. Slorah, bean; Victor D. Hall, cavalry captain; W. P. Boyd, gentleman. Chas. McDonald, fireman; Bailey Gatzert, pop-corn. Mr. H. L. Yesler, domino; Geo. B. Reynolds, villain; Geo. Stetson, troubadour; S. L. Crawford, gent in black.

ACKERMAN'S.

Ackerman & Co. have an immense stock of all varieties of Christmas goods consisting of decorated ware, ornaments in porcelain, silver and bronze, a splendid assortment of clocks albums, mechanical toys, lamps, wall pockets, hand-wagons, bicycles, &c., &c., and an endless variety of small toys for children. They are large importers, can name and do name the lowest prices at which goods are sold. To-morrow they will inaugurate a sweeping clearance sale of toys, and every article will be marked in plain figures, so low that no competitors will be able to reach them.

SELLING'S.

Those in search of every day useful gifts for the holidays, can go farther and do worse than at the old established house of P. Selling, corner First and Yamhill streets. The stock was never so well selected as this season and embraces everything that a family requires in the way of dry goods, boots and shoes and furnishing goods. It is proposed this winter to close out the ready-made clothing branch of the establishment, and to this end prices far below actual worth are named.

In view of the approaching holiday season, when articles of beauty and rarity are in demand; when the giver is blessed and the receiver delighted; when the charm of Christmas gifts and congratulations that bind heart to heart, vies with the sumptuousness of the more perishable comforts of the festive board, it is our pleasurable duty to call the attention of our readers to a few desirable goods, which, although inexpensive, are yet so lovely and at the same time afford so much happiness, even after Christmas is buried in the past; we allude to CHRISTMAS CARDS—those dear reminders of friends—of which there are an immense assortment at our leading book and art stores, but in our opinion none are so beautifully chaste, as Low's Steel Plates. These are 46 designs, and Messrs. A. L. Bancroft & Co., of San Francisco, are the wholesale agents for sale by J. K. Gill & Co., Portland.

THE ENGLISH OPERA PERFORMANCES

As might have been expected, the first opening of the "Chimes of Normandy," by the Handel and Haydn Society, Friday night, was a perfect ovation. Long before Conductor Kinross took his seat, the parquette and boxes were a perfect blaze of beauty and fashion, while the galleries were fully peopled with their tutelar divinities. Portland believes in encouraging home talent.

And such an orchestra as it was, with Edgar Coursen and Simon Harris as first violins, Dr. Rex and Beadnell with the cellos, Reed and Burgess with the cornets and Charley Lray with the slide trombone, the finest since Lobero. Seventeen in all, an superior in discipline to any professional orchestra that has followed any troupe hither. From the tap that called first attention to the score, down to the very drop of the curtain, everything went with the military precision of veterans. But it was too heavy for anything but the full volume of the chorus, and but one or two voices could rise above its deep volume and be heard over its ponderous swell.

The story of the opera is a pretty one and the music is prettier still. Aided to this, it is free from the indelicate and prurient rubbish which destroys the beauty of nearly every one of the operas of Offenbach and Herve. It is laid in the romantic region of Normandy, which has preserved the traditions of ancient Gaul more thoroughly than any other part of France. The simplicity of its peasantry still lingers in everyday life, and the innocence of Germaine, the sauciness, of Serpolette, the spooney affection of Grenichoux and the avarice of Gaspard, the old miser, are but average types of everyday life among the peasantry of romantic Normandy.

We do not propose to bore our readers with the long argument of events in the piece. It was played here four nights last year by the Emelie Melville troupe and the three nights of last week make seven in all. Many of those who missed it then, saw it now, and those who did not see it on either occasion, missed good music and a performance that would have been considered meritorious even had it been given by veterans in the profession.

The principal parts were as follows: Serpolette, Mrs. C. L. Woodward; Germaine, Miss Annie Griffin; Grenichoux, Mr. Van Beurden; Marquis, Mr. Lavo; Bailie, Mr. Nicoll; Notary, Mr. McClaire. The chorus numbered about twenty, among whom was the evergreen baritone, Brooks Trevitt, the man who carried off the applause last winter in the "Pirates of Penzance," by his easy and nonchalant personation of the police sergeant. He is one of those men whose love of fun sends life into everything in which he is a participant. In the fair scene he was the life of the stage.

And, by the way, that fair scene is one of the prettiest in the business, given on the old plan of hiring servants for a year. First came eight gardners with hoes and rakes, and sing a chorus, after which they drop back and give place to six coachmen, who sing a chorus with cracking of their whips. Next came the servant girls, headed by Serpolette and Germaine, and sing the refrain which runs all the way through the sparkling and beautiful opera.

The "Chimes" will always be a favorite with our people. It got a good introduction last year, and aside from that it had plenty of merit of its own. The newsboy whistles it at daybreak as he peddles THE OREGONIAN at the landings of the Astoria and Dalles boats; the bookkeeper hums it as he mixes the delectable cocktail; the servant girl chants the waltz song in the last act as she dusts off the blinds and sweeps the front porch in the morning. It is an epidemic, and one that leaves behind it no ill effects.

Some people profess to feel regret because Germaine does not marry Grenichoux. The reason is palpable enough to us. Germaine went for to the water once against her will, if her own story is worthy of credence—and the bold fisher boy pulled her out with a boathook. Having brought her into the world a second time, he stood toward the orphan girl in the relation of a mother, and of course it wouldn't do for a girl to marry her mother.

Besides, Serpolotto was always ambitious while Germaine was modest. Hence Serpolette, who was always expecting to be proclaimed a countess and to marry a marquis, marries a fisherman; while little Germaine, who was quite willing to marry a young fisherman rather than espouse a gouty old count or capitalist, wakes up to find herself a married woman. It realized that sublime proverb which says, "Blessed are they that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed."

We heard several critics on Mr. Van Beurden's rendition of Grenichoux very closely and say that he played the fisherman in too bold and dashing a style in the first two acts. Permit us to dissent with them and to say that Mr. Van Beurden played the part very close to the author's meaning. Grenichoux is supposed to be a very bold fellow in the opening of the piece, but when put to the test he turns out a wretched coward. This is just the way Mr. Van Beurden played it and we deem it the true interpretation of the author's intent.

Mrs. Woodward played the part of Serpolette rather timidly during the first act, as though she were feeling her way with her audience but in the scene at the fair she warmed up and began to show a little more of the *abandon* which is necessarily associated with the part. She began to be decidedly silly in the tower chamber and in the Ball in the haunted tower, and in the fourth act her gaiety of manner was all that could be desired. Her dress as the *soi disant* Comtesse de Lucenay was very rich, and she looked very pretty in it, though she needs practice in handling a train. Yet where you see one debutante equaliser in stage business, you will see a hundred fall behind her.

Miss Annie Griffin had less advorse sentiment to encounter in the role of the orphan Germaine, and the sympathy of a generous audience always goes out. She has a superb voice and a fair method of singing, but she has many obstacles to overcome in acting even such an *ingenue* part as Germaine. Her habit of leaning sidewise in singing the "Legend of the Bells" was correct and proper; but she should have carried it no further into the piece. And as for her accent, it is worse than provincial. But her pure and sweet voice, every note as clear as a bell, caused a liberal audience to overlook these defects; and in the duet with the Marquis in the third act she should have looked up into his face while singing. But she sang well and was vociferously applauded, especially in her song of "When I'm by your Side," when an encore was demanded by dress circle and gallery alike.

Mr. Mayo did some good acting in the part of the Marquis, and was well made up for the Mexican adventurer. He suffers from the defect of a light though pure voice, and as a singer he would be much better off in a parlor than in a theater. He got through with his business in very fair style, without the least bit of stage fright or nervousness. We would like to see him try the part of Tremolini, in the Princess of Trebizonde." It would be a character better suited to him than the Marquis.

Mr. Lombard's Gaspard was a very choice bit of acting, although he appeared at times to be more interested in the abode of the gods than any other part of the house. But the most severe critics could find no fault with his makeup, and his scene in the tower when he played the ghost was capitally executed. He is a valuable addition to the company and will probably be heard from hereafter, as he is a marked in plain figures, so low that no competitors will be able to reach them.

The minor parts of the Baillie by Mr. Nicol (who must not be confounded with "Bailie Nicol Jarvie—that would never do—ma conscience!") and the Notary by Mr. McClaire were performed with a good deal of spirit, better than they were in the Melville troupe, while the village girls sang their limited parts very sweetly. The choruses were far ahead of anything of the kind ever given here by any professional company and no better orchestra has lately been seen in any San Francisco theater. It has got to be pretty good when a performer of Charley Bray's merit comes down to play a slide trombone in it.

The effect of these performances forbodes no future good for professional companies coming here with one star and a bundle of sticks. People go to a theater and see a four-act opera go off without a hitch, with only five professionals in an orchestra of seventeen, and the stage occupied exclusively by amateurs, two of whom never took part in an opera before. By and by, by along comes a professional troupe, extensively billed and heralded, with one or two really meritorious performers in the company. The people go, only to discover that, when the star is off the stage, the prompter is the best performer in the company, being less seen and more heard than any of the rest. As a natural consequence the lessee of the theater, who is really the only blameless party, is the actual only sufferer and the audience go home firmly persuaded to patronize only local talent in the future.

It did not take much of an eye to see that Conductor Kinross was the happiest man in Portland as the drop fell on the first act. He found his troupe of amateurs moving like an army of veterans and he naturally felt good over it. How profitable it may be to him in a pecuniary point of view we neither know or care, but it has certainly given him great reputation as an organizer of musical forces.

The matinee yesterday afternoon and the second evening performance last night, were both crowded by the very beauty and fashion of the city and must have realized quite a handsome sum for the exchequer of the Handel and Haydn Society. About next March we may look for another series of operatic performers, and in the meantime we ought to have a series of matinee symphony concerts. What are they going to do about it?

MUSIC.

ITS SOCIAL AND MORAL INFLUENCE.

Production of the "Chimes of Normandy" Friday and Saturday.—Future of Music in Portland.

[BY THE SPECIAL MUSICAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OREGONIAN.]

A carefully organized performance by the Handel & Haydn society, whether oratorio, mass, cantata or a musical exhibition, through the medium of the stage, is an event worthy deeper consideration than is given by cursory criticism. Music, the youngest of the arts, now follows in the wake of every wave of civilization. Much tribulation is incidental to its birth, nurture and development, in any new community. As yet we are but in the throes. There are too many among our wealthy citizens who seem to boast an inability to appreciate any kind of music except such as comes under the designation of "popular"; yet it is to such that the humble proposers of the art here must look for help and encouragement. Perhaps the most unapproachable among such might admit that the one little tune he knows has at times proved a pleasure or a solace to him. Let him then think awhile and liberally admit that beyond the power of that one little tune, the only one his busy life has left him time to know and feel, there may be a glorious art world into which he can help the young around him; a music work whose atmosphere is life to that social morality he as a citizen should desire to promote. The necessity for hearty co-operation of every effort to foster good music in our homes is no gossamer theory. Every means should be offered to and used by the coming generation around us to cultivate what is accepted by the musical faculty as "good music." That the head of a family should be asked to insist upon each of his children learning to play upon some instrument, or to sing, may not at first receive favorable consideration as a proposition, but it should be done, aptitude or not, and that in the very best way, and by the very best teachers obtainable. The violin, violoncello, piano and even the flute should be taught as per stentorian spelling book, and the practice of singing and playing in concert at home encouraged. It will be rough work at first, but the harvest will be of the richest.

Out of all this must of necessity develop a city choral union and an orchestra, a wholesome, healthful institution which every intelligent community now takes a pride in upholding. This is the side of the picture. That apocryphal beast, the devil, has got well hold of the other. For example, Opera Bouffe. Questionable plots, dimer, if alluring music, *double entendres*, half-nude women and rotten jokes, is the kingdom of Opera Bouffe. Then this there is a lower grade, yet withal a "popular" one, the comic songs of the concert halls. The antithesis of good music are these examples and to such your children will fly if you deny them the genuine article.

Now let us endeavor to examine such deduction by the light of reason and the existing state of things.

The choral society of this city is already an established fact. It has had, and will have, ups and downs innumerable. Bickerings, discussions and even wars are but too characteristic of the internal economy of such societies, where the musical condition of individual members is in transits between musical darkness and daylight. On one point however exists unanimity, the society must live. To continue its existence it must be able to meet current expenses. These are, salaries of conductor and accompanist, rent of rehearsing hall, and purchase of music. To do this, public performances must be given, the subscriptions asked from members not being sufficient, there comes the commercial element into the question. All the real musical members are anxious to work at, and acquire a knowledge of, the higher schools of choral music, but the public seems to demand from them a money value and therefore the society is obliged to come down from its legitimate platform and turn out as an opera troupe, to tickle the ears to find herself a martyr. A thoughtful writer on music and morals has characterized opera as the most irrational and unintellectual form of music, ranking the string quartett as the highest. Admitting for the sake of argument that this is so, why drive our struggling musical society to give minor opera for its support? An operetta followed by a ball at the close of the musical year might be made a social event by the society, and would concentrate and knit friendly interest in its work.

A re-organization would be advisable based upon the principle which has made the choral societies of the musical centers in the east such admirable exponents of high class choral music, educating the masses as they worked. A reasonable subscription is required from active members, payment rigidly enforced on election and the necessary balance made up from outside subscription. During the concert season performances are given, to each member being handed a certain number of tickets to give to friends, each subscriber being entitled to a certain number of tickets pro rata. Fathers and mothers have thus a sort of vested interest in the society and all that is asked of them is a subscription they can well afford, and the self-denial necessary to give countenance a few times a year to a two and a half hours' concert of good music, which the society is at least trying to do well. The performances of a body so constituted would, of course, deserve lighter handling in criticism by the press. Professionals and amateurs are alike thin-skinned on the subject of adverse public criticism. An amateur especially, if not plastered over with unbounded flattery after an effort, praiseworthy as an effort perhaps, but full of shortcomings as a performance, is furious and enlists the sympathy of a coterie to ostracize the possible writer, so that a musical critic, if conscientious, as well as able, must pine and die. A musical criticism of amateur or professional should "nothing extenuate," "nor set down aught in malice." It is seldom done after the fact and cannot influence the past. If it point out freely and kindly shortcomings as against a standard of average excellence, known to the experience of the critic and presumably unknown, step by step worked up to, by the performers, then it should act as a tonic nerving to further and more careful effort. This is the true spirit in which criticism should be met, and anything short of this is begotten of vanity.

There has been no intention to convey that the opera chosen for representation by the Handel & Haydn society comes directly under the head of those upon which the foregoing strictures have been passed, but as a piece of work it was time wasted, and during the latter stages of rehearsal called for wearing, wearisome labor, tedious to performers and irritating to conductor. The augmentation of the band, while it served to give a general breadth to representation, also showed that there are instrumentalists among us capable of forming under regular practice a very respectable orchestra.

Musically and financially, the "Chimes" has been a brilliant success for the society, and one could not but feel, while present at the performances given at the theater on Friday and yesterday, that there was some direct rate material upon which to work for better things. Mr. Kinross is a consummate master of the position he holds, and it is true that the ability to conduct band and chorus, drill soloists and instruct the whole *dramatis personæ* in the stage requirements of their parts so that the work when produced shall vie with that of an organized troupe, argues rare power. To Mrs. Woodward who took the ungracious part of "Serpolette," must be given meed of almost an unalloyed approval. Having no difficulty in mastering the music of the part, she spent her energies thoughtfully to a study of the action, and as the tremor of a first appearance wore away, "Serpolette" improved into a very clever performance. Miss Griffin has a fresh, sweet soprano voice, and sang most of the music of "Germaine" well, but toward the close of both performances she flatted somewhat. Her pretty little face and figure were admirably suited to the part, and she made the daughter of "Germaines." Mr. Mayo is a recent acquisition to the society. He has a light but musical voice, is a good actor, and the dash with which he rattled through his part made flagging interest impossible while he held the stage. The cast requires no further comment as far as vocalists are concerned, except perhaps the part of "Grenicheux," which was sung by Mr. Van Beurden, conscientiously and well. Mr. Lombard narrowly escaped making a very fine performance of his "Gaspard," but it was too "long drawn out," the enunciation was too jerky. Mr. McClaire was capital from first to last, and in justice we "salute the baillie."

The houses on Friday and last evening were packed. Speaking of audiences, by the way, why are people so wanting in consideration as to make that unseemly rush for the doors just before "the opera is over," and again why do the deities when expressing their uncontrollable desire for the performers to do the bidding the curtain, which after the manner of hoodlums calling dogs. Clapping of the hands is the recognized method of showing approbation.

H. J. M.

THE COURTS.

STATE CIRCUIT COURT—STOTT, J.

SATURDAY, Dec. 17, 1881.

State of Oregon vs. Ah Sing, two indictments; time for sentence continued, until

The Daily C...
SATURDAY MORNIN...

THE LITTLE BEGGAR'S QUE...

'Twas on a bitter winter'
I saw a strange, pathet
The streets were gloomy
The air with falling sn

A little ragged beggar gi
Went running through
He looked as if he never
As if he never had bee

Sudden, he spied beneath
A faded button-hole bo
Trampled and wet with r
Withered and worthless

He bounded, seized it wi
Stood still and shook it
Into his coat he pinned i
His eyes lit up with ec

He sauntered on, all ple
His face transformed i
And lingered that the ha
Might chance to see th

The man who threw thos
Never one-half such pl
The flowers' best work w
In cheering up that be

Ah me, too often we forg
Happy in these good h
How many in this world,
Glad even of the withe
—H. H. in the C

HOW IT ...

Miss Jane Beagle had l... this wicked world to k... blessedness is not always ... to its possessor of her ... beauty; she had flirted w... but she went too far wh... Winkum because he was p... Billy had in him that stu... rise in some place—opinit... voice, a feeling that he w... else, if not a little bett... fourth of July orations. ... which had changed his ... "that there handsome J... Jane Beagle, that hasn't t... rison in the world and h... and was a person of such ... one would have dared to c... um. Mr. William Ward... his designation; a finer c... chain, or a larger diamon... owned by no one in Billtu...

He had never married, ... him all the more desirab... He had met Jane very ... Jane would very willingly ... that her decisive no of ... been repeated of. Alas! ... Warrington Winkum no ... that no, or he regarded it ...

"And yet he hasn't marr... "and he don't flirt round ... girls, nor pay attention t... a gray hair. He is five ye... any way. Suppose he abo...

However, concealment ... like a worm in the bud o... rington Winkum's damask ... on the platform at electi... lung power, and he built ... the hill wherein he installe... remarkable old grandmoth... fourteen children, and at ... to find an heir with an one ... a woman of forty.

Oh! that house with it ... new shutters, its elabora... chimneys, its balcony and ... interior of Wilton carpet ... and velvet parlor furnitur... Beagle said to herself:

"All this might have bee... yes to Billy. She said it ... one day, about housecleaning ... was doing her best with t... thus was all her own now. ... had slipped out of it—... some were dead—nobody r...

"I don't think I can stan... sighed Jane. "I must tak... thing. Nobody to speak ... feel sick, nobody to do for ...

Jane was down in the ki... as she spoke. The rag ca... the line outside. The r... was scrubbed, were turned ... dry, every pan shown beau... was worm eaten, and the ... would no more make the walls ...

"Heigh-ho!" sighed Ja... some house, but I shan't b... own."

She said it aloud—a hab... self had grown upon her ... she was answered on the i...

"Why, who knows!" said ... have the handsomest home ... Who knows! Don't you ... now?"

"Good gracious!" said ... face; "who is that?"

"It's only me, ma'am," ... woman, with a big, rara ... poppies on her hats, who si... smiled at her mortify. "I ... wandering over the wor... times for them. Will y... lady?"

"Mine? said Jane, lau... too old."

"You are young enough ... of you, lady," said the g... twenty-five cents to hear ... Ros des tuck is misused, ... not on the lookout for it.

"What woman does n... most heart that there are ... and earth than are dream...

What single woman do... upon earth into keeps ... and?

It would be awfully f... nobody will ever know, ... life is in her pocket... was not here. She had... heard, to the man that ... boiler that morning. ... drawer of the ill-fated bo... desk in it, which stood ... get it. The gypsy fo... laughing, hinting at ... blushes to Jane's cheek. ... drawer. There lay the s... the sugar tongs, a br... Jane's only costly bit of ... bills. Miss Beagle drew ... a quarter, and kept it in ... the savings bank, which ... soak for a while.

The bright eyes, set cl... sty's head, saw all at a ... rose very high as Miss ... five dollars into her hand.

"I have taken a notic... look upon it the palm o... youthful hand that lay h... afore you. There's one ... off, eh?"

Jane blushed again.

"I'll give you a han... you up in a carriage," ad... own up, lady, your hear... not!"

"He does not care w... sighed Jane, unaware th...

"Lady," said the gyps... great power. I can bri... od. I can cure love ... you and he shall come to ...

"What am I to do? ... away by her own emot... dramatic manner.

"I'll tell you, lady," s... down here beside this ... your face with this has... afraid, it's clean; it is ... Now think of him. Th... and don't move until I t...

People in love are gen... afraid, and Jane had ... uring the image of Mr. ... in her heart for years. ... sy bade her.

The next moment she ... tied tightly over her eye... more tied also with a sto...

She screamed, but s... feet together.

"It's no use, lady," s... blandly. "I've got the ... I shan't hurt you. I'll ... go."

The spoons jingled. ... see, but she knew tha... drawer were being trai... pocket, and she screame...

About an hour after ... William Warrington Wi... house in a buggy. He ... stopped to gather a bun... fence from a full bus... had pulled lilacs for h... he put them to his nose ...

"Something is the ma... out stopping to the his... garden and up the path ...

The kitchen was emp... on the floor, the pail ... doug that as she depart... heard. William rushe... and found Jane with ... black silk handkerchief ... bound.

In a moment he had ... she sat in her chair. "Sh... to herself; but Mr. W... Winkum noticed that she had n... under her tucked-up sleeves, and that her le... right pocket eyes were blue indeed. Happily, ... she had not shed a tear.

"I've been tied here for I don't know how ... long. Mr. Winkum," she said. "Oh, how ... thankful I am you came by! I have been ... robbed of everything I have—my silver, my ... money, my jewelry. What I shall do I don't ... know."

"Unprotected women," said Mr. Winkum, ...

BY THE SEA, SEPT. 15, 1881.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Watchman! what of the night?
The sky is dark, my friend,
And we in heavy grief await the end.
The streets were gloomy
The air with falling sn

A little ragged beggar ch
Went running through
He looked as if he never
As if he never had bee

Sudden, he spied beneath
A faded button-hole bo
Trampled and wet with r
Withered and worthless

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The flowers' best work w
In cheering up that be

Ah me, too often we forg
Happy in these good h
How many in this world,
Glad even of the withe
—H. H. in the C

Watchman! what of the night?
Friend, strong men watch the night
With the strange mist of tears before their sight.
And women at each hearthstone sob and pray
That the great darkness end at last in day.

Watchman! how goes the night?
Wearily, friend, for him,
Yet his heart quails not, though the light burns dim.
As bravely as he fought the field of life,
He bears himself in this, the final strife.

Watchman! what of the night?
Friend, we are left no word
To tell of all the bitter sorrow stirred
In our sad souls. We stand and rail at Fate
Who leaves hands empty and hearts desolate.

"Are pure, great souls so many in the land
That we should lose the chosen of the band?
We cry! But he who suffers lies,
Meeting sharp-weaponed Pain with steadfast eye?

And makes no plaint while on the threshold Death
Half draws his keen sword from its glittering sheath
And looking inward pauses—lingering long.
Faltering—himself the weak before the Strong.

Watchman! how goes the night?
In tears, my friend, and praise
Of his high truth and generous, trusting ways;
Of his warm love and buoyant hope and faith,
Which passed life's fires free from all blight or scath.

Stranger we forget the laurel wreath we gave,
And only love him standing near his grave.

Watchman! what of the night?
Friend, when it is past,
We wonder what our grief can bring at last.
To lay upon his broad, true, tender breast,
What dower whose sweetness shall outlast the rest,
And this we set from all the bloom apart:
"He woke new love and faith in every heart."

Watchman! what of the night?
Would God that it were gone
And we might see once more the rising dawn!
The darkness deeper grows—the light burns low,
There sweeps o'er land and sea a cry of woe!

Watchman! What now! What now!
Hush, friend—we may not say
Only that—all the pain has passed away.
—Cincinnati Commercial.

MR. FITZGERALD'S MARRIAGE.

[Temple's Magazine.]

The Hon. Lucius Fitzgerald walked up and down the breakfast room at Abbotscraithie with his hands in his trousers pockets, jingling his money. Well, he was perhaps hardly as yet accustomed to the sound. His young wife—they had only been married six months—sat at the table, behind the tea and coffee paraphernalia, watching him while she very assiduously knitted a coarse knickerbocker stocking.

Something had evidently produced a twist in the skein of their hitherto untangled bliss, for the breakfast was untasted, and was getting cold.

"It is the first request you have refused me; but I suppose you do not think me good enough for your swell acquaintances," said the lady at last, swallowing a little sob.

"Really, Amelia, the way you put things is too ridiculous. Not good enough! Because I objected to Lady Constantia Verulam and her daughter being invited to Abbotscraithie. What can they have to do with you? I simply do not want them."

"Yet they were your most intimate friends before your marriage."

"Perhaps I have quarreled with them."

"Nonsense! I saw an envelope addressed to you in Miss Verulam's writing only a week or two ago."

"It was more by a line of congratulation. The Verulams were abroad when we married."

And Mr. Fitzgerald, a deep flush mantling all over his face, sat down opposite his wife and began to busy himself by uncovering the dishes.

"Well," she persisted, "let them come and congratulate you in person. It is very ill-natured of you not to have them here. You know I want to find a nice wife for Percy, and he is coming for the shooting on the 10th."

"Confound Percy," muttered Mr. Fitzgerald behind his mustache. "Well, do as you like, I'll make no further opposition."

And flattering himself with the idea that he had striven his utmost to do right, he now resigned himself delightedly to wrong-doing.

Amelia Fitzgerald is the daughter of a north country manufacturer, who left her many thousands of pounds in hard cash, with part of which Abbotscraithie has lately been purchased. It is a handsome stone house in the center of a fair lowland estate, bosmia with moor and forest. Riches apart; she is a loveable little woman enough; yet Lucius does not love her, and for no more valid reason than that she is not somebody else. Then why have married her? The question is only too pregnant, the answer too obvious. When a mutual friend, a match-making woman, had first broached the subject to him, he answered at once;

"Can you ask me? If the young lady is fool-enough to marry me, here I am, and let's waste no more words about it."

Amelia Huggins was not long from the school room, and full of sweet schoolroomish views of love. The younger son of an earl, five feet eleven, handsome, and apparently charmed, with her; what more could she want?

Now, Lucius was no abandoned wretch. He was simply a young man whose six or eight years of life had dispossessed him of about double the number of thousands which had ever belonged to him—oh; a very vulgar miracle as times go—and he had latterly—that is, for the past year or two—saddled himself with a desperate passion for Bertha Verulam, and which, alas, she full returned.

As neither of these ill-starred lovers had any money, or even a reasonable expectation of being left some, Lucius felt no sort of scruple in offering his heart to the willing Amelia. Calmly considered by an impartial observer, the transaction might look very like selling an estate with a heavy undeclared mortgage upon it. To the honorable, yet impecunious, Fitzgerald, however, it appeared but in the light of that time-honored course, "The only thing to do, by Jove!"

Ah, and he would do his duty like a man, he would. No more flirting now. Of course, if they met much, it would be awkward—deuced dangerous (with another "by Jove!") Well, they mustn't meet, that's all.

You see, Lucius thought himself quite a good man. I don't want to say a word against him, only if he is one, then are plenty of good men about, that's all. So much the better that there should be of course.

His young wife, though hardly of what you would call strong character, inherited from the late Huggins a large share of that pertinacity which he had turned to such good account; and she pours out the coffee this morning with an air of injured triumph in her blue eyes at having carried her point.

"And so Mrs. Fitzgerald insists on Lucy Verulam and her daughters being invited," mused her husband. "The Verulams of all people in the world! For Percy, too! As if Birdie Verulam (as she was called, her real name being Bertha,) would marry Percy!"

Percy is Amelia's brother, older than she is by four or five years. Rich, of course. Huggins senior left his thousands equally divided. But the son had not acquired any of that gentleness and good breeding which seem to have come to the sister as if by magic. In Lucius Fitzgerald a mental phrase, "He is an insufferable young cub, talking slang by the yard, and only fit to herd with bagmen and shopboys."

"Yet he is his brother-in-law, must be made the best of, and is even now coming on the 10th to meet Lady Constantia the fashionable and her delightfully fine daughter! If only they would send an excuse! But no. Circumstances would never go and risk their cherished old reputation for splendidness. How they must smile now—that is, if they ever do smile!"

So cogitated Lucius; and his little burst of wicked exultation at losing the battle rapidly gave way to ever-increasing doubts and fears. He was sufficiently *grand seigneur* to remain unaroused by the Percy trouble. "*Il pour le beau-frere*;" but the other matter seemed, as he reflected upon it, to hourly contain less and less of what was sweet, and more and more of what was decidedly bitter. Granting that there is always something of rapture in meeting our soul's ideal once again, so long, that is, as she is not on the arm of a successful rival, what could possibly come out of this untoward encounter? And for a momentary thrill, a joy that was first cousin to a sorrow, was it worth while to jeopardize even such very gray-colored domestic felicity as now belonged to him? Yes, the more he thought of it, the less he liked the prospect. Visions of strange, heartrending scenes, tragic duels, and more tragic tears, began to flit across his brain by night and day. After all, he had suffered marvelously little for the lack of Miss Verulam's society since his marriage. Indeed, this had often been a subject of wonder to him. He was really comfortable enough with Amelia, and has to romance, passion, ecstasy—was the whole thing worth while? Was he not getting just a shade too old, or, to put it plainly, too fat and lazy, for these fatiguing toys?

All this time Amelia was perfectly happy and serene; for when Lucius was with her he was more than ever *aux petits soins*; and then and she not gained her own way in the matter of inviting these Verulams?

And they were coming, too. "We're going to pay other visits in the neighborhood, and should be so delighted." Lady Constantia's note had said.

For some days before they arrived Mr. Fitzgerald had a good deal of spare time on his hands with which his wife did not interfere. She was so engrossed in her first hospitable preparations, and in adding touches of beauty to the somewhat hastily furnished rooms, that she had little leisure to bestow upon her husband. The quittance would have been, perhaps, something of a mercy at any other time; but an hour after hour passed on, and the time approached nearer for the arrival of the Verulams, Mr. Fitzgerald grew more and more dejected, till at last even Amelia was compelled to notice it, and she inquired with some solicitude what ailed him. Of course he briskly up suddenly, and said: "Nothing." How could he own that he either longed for or feared the arrival of these people? In point of fact he was absolutely beginning to dread it.

"You will go and meet them at the station, Lucius? It would be so uncivil to let them come up here all alone. But I think I had better stay and receive them in the hall; that is the way, is it not, in your world?"

"Yes, yes. You always hit the right mark, love;" which was more than he did, for he bobbed down and kissed her plump on the nose, and barely smiled at his mistake.

With all this he dashed out of the room, leaving Amelia a little bit disconcerted at his ill-concealed excitement. A moment later she heard the sound of wheels, and looked out of the window. Mr. Fitzgerald, in a whitechapel, was going down the drive.

"Gone to meet the Verulams in that thing! Impossible!" cried his wife. "I ordered the carriage."

But Lucius Fitzgerald had gone to meet the Verulams, and so had the barouche. He would just drive himself to the station and see them into it, he thought; after all it would only be courteous.

Half past three, and the little station at Abbotscraithie is in a state of flutter, for the train from the south is due; visitors, too are expected up at "the house," and porters are running hither and thither, each more anxious than the other to show assiduity and attention. And natural enough, too. Other people may be looking out for friends who may be false, for relations whom they may not love, but these honest fellows are welcoming silver charms most unlikely to prove false, and of whose claims upon the heart not even six tries are sceptical. No one, however *empresse* they all seem, is in so great a state of real flutter as the master of "the house" himself, impassive as he looks, standing there on the platform, his long, pale face just a little longer and paler than ever, his large, dark eyes burning just a little more brightly in their deep setting of heavy lash.

At last the bell has rung, and the train pants with a slow dignity into the station. Still Lucius Fitzgerald does not move, but leans on, as though watching to be recognized, against the office door. A second more and the bright color mounts to his brow, then suddenly fades away into a sort of blue pallor. He walks forward to a carriage, but with no haste; yet from that carriage window is gazing on him a fair young girlish face, a face such as even an indifferent passer-by in a crowded thoroughfare would turn to look at; such a face as a painter might have chosen for a Calypso when looking seaward from the shores of Ithaca. It has the stamp of a blighted love upon it.

A busy porter opened the carriage door and Lady Constantia, fat, rubicund and fifty, came tumbling out. "How do you do?" to Lucius with easy familiarity. He gave his hand to the girl. She did not attempt to speak as she stepped down on the platform, though her hand seemed to linger in his just a moment longer than was necessary. Perhaps it was the whispered "My darling!" which he uttered in a very low tone, as she stood beside him, which so surprised her that she forgot to be conventional.

What right had he to call her "darling," with Amelia sitting at home waiting for them, and in spite of the far-off pained look in the sweet Birdie's eyes, which should have thrust the word back unspoken into his heart? It did not bring a glad look into her face, as "darling" uttered by Lucius Fitzgerald six months ago would have done. All the sunshine and joy had died out of Birdie Verulam's life since then. She turned away from him and spoke to her maid about the luggage, as though seeking refuge in a triviality. Why had she come to Abbotscraithie? Even Amelia, had she been at the station that day, could not have failed to notice that Birdie Verulam had been to Lucius in the past what every law of honor forbade that she could ever be still in the future. Like Lucius, Birdie was accomplishing her destiny; like Lucius she had a firm belief in her own strength. How utterly weak they both were perhaps they discovered with startling reality as they stood side by side on the Abbotscraithie platform.

Lady Constantia was Birdie's stepmother, and the girl was dependent on her for food, shelter and clothing—utterly dependent; and her father's chattering, good-natured, shallow-pated widow was calculating, though kindly, and had, moreover, a limited income.

To marry Lucius, Birdie knew was utterly impossible—knew it from the moment the first love-flutter agitated her heart, so she resigned him—gave him with her own free will to Amelia. She had a morbid longing to witness the success of her work, and had accompanied her mother to Abbotscraithie, deluding herself into the idea that she would henceforth endure the void in her life with less bitter pangs if she were but allowed to see Lucius rich, happy and contented.

So when Lady Constantia told her that she had received a letter from Mrs. Fitzgerald, and in her blindness and her love of living at other people's expense, suggested that they should accept it, Birdie had offered no opposition.

She got into the carriage and seated herself at Lady Constantia's side, the maid opposite. Lucius proceeded them in his cart. He had chosen wisely in leaving Birdie to her reflections for a while; furthermore, he went up the back way, into the stable-yard to avoid being present when Birdie and Mrs. Fitzgerald should meet.

He could easily make an excuse for not being at his post to fulfill the ceremony of introduction. Perhaps, even in the abstract, he was right, although his action, or rather, inaction, in the matter was due on this occasion solely to his inclination. Where people are bound, *nolens volens* make themselves acquainted, the formality of an introduction is very like a bother omitted. At all events, in this instance the affair passed off comfortably enough, and the impression on all sides was favorable. But this fact by no means tended to mend matters as far as danger was concerned, and Miss Verulam was fool enough and too honest to deceive herself into a contrary belief.

When a woman allows herself to love a married man, she may tell herself that every fault from the wife palliates her guilt; but she must be morally blind indeed if she imagines that all the qualities of all the angels centered in the wronged one would ever have weighed with her in the indulgence of her unlawful passion.

There was something artless—an evident desire to like and be liked—about the woman in possession which went straight to Birdie's heart and disarmed her of any ill-feeling against Lucius' wife—that is to say—no more.

This is the first time I have ever met any really great friends of my husband," said Amelia, pouring out the tea, "and you don't know how I have been looking forward to your coming."

Lady Constantia declared herself delighted to be there, but the journey.

"Oh, that railway carriage! I thought I should have died of heat apoplexy; and I that horrid old young man ridiculous creature, he must have been fifty at least—would insist upon having the windows up all the time, and Birdie would not push him. Why would you not, Birdie? Oh, he was good looking—very, but not my style; in fact, quite one of the 'have been.'"

She was something of a rattle, was her ladyship, and not over particular about being listened to. This Birdie had long since ascertained. At that moment she was dreamily contemplating Amelia.

"How a man might love that sweet little woman, if she had only got the first chance of him!" was the mental ejaculation.

Dinner that night was a not altogether successful attempt at being festive. Percy had arrived just before, and decidedly second-rate as were his jokes and general behavior, more than one of those present felt grateful to him for keeping up the conversation, his brother-in-law, perhaps, the most of all.

Next day two or three more invited by Lucius for shooting, put in appearance, and the master of Abbotscraithie, in doing the honors to his male friends, avoided on all possible occasions being brought into anything like close companionship with the ladies. Only he would look at Birdie sometimes with such a longing, wistful look in his large flaming eyes that it made the girl more than once creep away up to her room and send the excuse of a headache instead of reappearing at dinner. Meanwhile Amelia saw nothing except that Percy's attentions were received by Miss Verulam with cold disdain, and that Lucius looked sadly wearied and jaded, which also entirely ascribed to his having overwalked himself shooting on the moors. Thus a week passed, and Birdie suggested to Lady Constantia that it was time they took their leave and went to the house of some other friends; but Lady Constantia was comfortable and contented in luxurious Abbotscraithie, and she would not be hustled. Birdie must endure her torture a little longer.

She had gone out alone one lovely September afternoon, taking a volume of Shelley to dream over not to read. In Birdie's frame of mind all the lines were one blurred mass, all the words were indistinct. She sat down in a little arbor that had been built at the edge of a wood, hanging over an extensive view of heavy moor, and there, till the dressing-bell rang, she felt she could weep and think in peace—at least, so she hoped; but a quarter of an hour had scarcely passed away when she heard a man's footstep approaching the arbor, and she almost sprang up, with a little frightened cry.

Not Lucius; no, not Lucius; there alone; she could not bear it.

It was Percy, and she sank back into her seat as though relieved from a great fear. Not that she was fond of Percy's companionship far from it; and had been a man of the world and a gentleman her monosyllabic replies would speedily have induced him to pursue his way to the house. But Percy, like his sister, was not easily daunted; he could not understand the word "no," unless it was written in very plain letters before him, and he actually had the audacity, though he had never received at any time the most remote encouragement, to make Miss Verulam a formal tender of his hand and possessions, looking quite surprised, too, when she got up and told him that she regretted he had made so great a mistake, such an alliance being impossible.

"Impossible!" he repeated; "impossible that you can ever care for me?"

And Percy, whose belief in himself was immense, looked at her in absolute astonishment.

Under happier auspices Birdie would have laughed; as it was, she turned from him with a sort of disgust, merely saying very quietly:

"Please leave me; I would rather be alone."

A hot flush rose into Percy's face as she spoke. This son of the people imagined that Birdie, being the daughter of a great house, was flouting him, and he resolved to be revenged.

Poor Birdie! Of the social chasm that lay between them she never thought; only of how utterly unspeakable a man like Percy was to supplant Lucius in her aching heart.

Bitterly angry with himself for evoking it, and with Birdie for offering what he was pleased to call an insult, he left the arbor without another word, walking rapidly along the path toward the house. When he was about half way some sound attracted his attention and he looked around. Lucius, strolling back, gun in hand, and a dog, had reached the arbor and stopped; another second and he passed inside and out of view.

So—so, my lady! Please leave me; I would rather be alone! Of course you would. But you will not carry on your little games at Abbotscraithie if I can prevent it."

In less than five minutes Amelia, forewarned by Percy, was creeping along through the bushwood to the back of the arbor, in order to learn, if possible, herself unheard, something of what was going on between her husband and Birdie Verulam.

"I would never have come if I had known; but oh, Lucius, I thought I could have borne it. Why did you let her invite us?"

"My darling I did my utmost to prevent it; but she was very positive, and I—well, you see, I did not think you would care so very much."

"Oh, Lucius, it could have made no sacrifice for you if I had not really cared, but I thought I was braver. If only Lady Constantia would be persuaded to take me home—"

"My poor, poor sweet love, Birdie!" was all the man could murmur.

There was no consolation to offer now.

"You must not kiss me, Lucius—well, only this once, my love. Now go. I can not bear it if you stay longer—I cannot, indeed. Besides it is not right to yourself or her."

He took her in his arms for a moment, left on her lips one more forbidden burning kiss, and was gone—not toward the house, but down the hill on to the moors, where, with nature reigning in wild beauty all around him, he could fight unchidden with his raging love.

In the arbor, for a long space, the soft, buzzing, lazy summer sounds were disturbed by Birdie's sobs; while outside, with nothing between them but the thin, bark-covered wooden partition, sat Amelia on the ground among the underwood, her head on her knees, which were surrounded by her clasped hands. She had heard it all, and was thinking it over bit by bit.

What should she do? The future, which but an hour ago seemed so bright to her in Lucius Fitzgerald's love, had suddenly become dimmed by a mist which seemed eternal. She could not see through it; it was thick as that which gathered about the summit of her own north country hills. She must try and find her way through it and she sat there motionless, listening to the sobs within, and thinking more earnestly than she had ever thought in her life before, a depth of feeling was awakened in Amelia's heart for which no one who knew her only in the light comedy of life would have given her credit. She was the first to move—very carefully lest Birdie should hear—and go slowly to the house. She met Percy at the door.

"Well, what was up in the arbor?"

"Nothing. I believe you purposely sent me on a wild-goose chase. Lucius has gone down toward Raelmen's farm."

What an invaluable article is stupidity in the proper place.

Two hours later the husband and wife met at dinner. Birdie had one of her usual bad headaches. No one could have guessed that Amelia had learned the truth; only perhaps Lucius noticed that she was even more tender and womanly in her manner than she had ever been before.

For many days Birdie lay ill up-stairs in a darkened room. Amelia never intruded herself unbidden into the sick girl's presence, but all that love could think of and attention carry out she gave to Birdie, and with no demonstrative outbursts. Nor did she ever tell Lucius that she knew aught of the past, but helped him quietly, with soothing tenderness, to bear the anxiety and irritability produced by Birdie's illness. Amelia had seen her way through the mists, and the road along which she had elected to travel was that of patient sympathy.

As months passed on and time obliterated the wound in Lucius' heart that destiny had made, was not much of his failing due to the woman who loved him well enough to bear silently and unmurmuringly her share of the burden with which he was so heavily weighted?

Birdie Verulam has never married. She went abroad with Lady Constantia for a while; on her return she studiously avoided all meetings with Lucius, and pointedly refused to pay another visit to Abbotscraithie; but she is always on friendly, almost loving, terms with Amelia, who scarcely ever undertakes any scheme of importance without first consulting Birdie.

HOW EDWIN ARNOLD BECAME A JOURNALIST.

Joseph Hatton, in Harper's Magazine.]

One summer day, some 20 years ago, a young author and his wife were enjoying a fishing excursion on the River Dart. A friend had sent them a copy of the *Athenæum* containing a review of the husband's first translation of the Indian classics. Turning over the pages of the critical journal, the author's eye fell upon an advertisement which announced that a leader writer was required for a new daily newspaper. The character of the journalistic enterprise was hinted at, and the political principles of the services of the gentleman who was wanted were clearly defined. "That is the very position that I should like," said the young Anglo-Indian to his wife; "the idea is new, the cheap press is a splendid and important experiment, the object one with which I heartily sympathize. I think I will write about it." And so the young couple sauntered home amid scenes of sunshine utterly in contrast with the surroundings of the Fleet-street printing office. He was no inexperienced scholar, no mere seeker after employment, the young author who had accidently stumbled upon his destiny on that summer day by Dessoa. Educated at the King's school, Rochester, and at King's college, London, he had won a scholarship at University college, Oxford. In 1852 he obtained the Newdigate prize for his English poem on "The Feast of Belshazzar," and in the year following he was selected to address the late Earl of Derby on his installation as Chancellor of the university. He graduated in honors in 1854. On quitting college he was elected second master of King Edward VI's school, a famous midland counties educational institution at Birmingham. He resigned this position for the appointment of principal of the Sanskrit college at Poona, in the Bombay presidency, with a fellowship of the university of Bombay, which office he still held when the words, "editor wanted," attracted his attention in the *Athenæum*. He was taking a vacant on in his native country. In 1861 the young Sanskrit principal bade farewell to Poona. He had accepted the appointment on the editorial staff which he and his wife had discussed in a vague kind of way that very year of Dartmouth. The paper in question was the *Daily Telegraph*; the volunteer for journalistic work was Mr. Edwin Arnold, perhaps the most unselfish enthusiast that ever attached himself to politics and the press. A though in many respects oriental in his tastes, Edwin Arnold may be regarded as a typical Englishman. He has never allowed his literary labors to overcome his love of outdoor life. A master of field sports, he has a thorough knowledge of horses, dogs, and guns, and is particularly fond of yachting. For some time past he has been living a more thorough acquaintance with Indian affairs. The first editorial he ever wrote in the *Telegraph* was on the British Empire in the East. Since that time he has written upward of 6000 leading articles. During the two years and a half of the eastern question, which is stained with the blood of the great war between Russia and Turkey, Mr. Arnold wrote between 400 and 500 consecutive articles—leaders that were looked for with interest and anxiety by all classes of the people, the more so that the *Telegraph* found itself at variance on foreign politics and the party it hitherto supported decisively, and in favor of the maintenances of British prestige and power in the east.

THE AGE OF HOMESPUN.

Rev. Horace Bushnell Discourses on "Our Grandfathers' Days."

HOMELY TRUTHS IN SOLID SAXON.

A Profound Reasoner Shows How a People May Advance in Wealth and Recede in Virtue.

The transition from mother and daughter power to water and steam power is a great one, greater by far than many have as yet begun to conceive—one that is to carry with it a complete revolution of domestic life and social manners. If, in this transition, there is something to regret, there is more, I trust, to desire. If it carries away the old simplicity, it must also open higher possibilities of culture and social ornament. The principal danger is, that, in removing the rough necessities of the homespun age, it may take away also the severe virtues and the homely but deep and true piety by which, in their best fruits, that age is so honorably distinguished. Do the issues what it may, go on or bend, hopeful or unhopeful, it has come; it is already a fact, and the consequences must follow.

THE INROADS OF PROGRESS.

Everything that was most distinctive of the old homespun mode of life will soon have passed away. The spinning-wheels of wool and flax, that used to buzz so familiarly in the childish ears of some of us, will be heard no more forever; seen no more, in fact, save in the halls of the antiquarian societies, where the delicate daughters will be asking what these strange machines are, and how they were made to go? The huge, hewn-timber looms, that used to occupy a room by themselves in the farm-houses, will be gone, cut up for cord wood, and their heavy thwack, beating up the woof, will be heard no more by the passer-by—not even the antiquarian hall will find room to harbor a specimen. The long strips of linen, bleaching on the grass, and timed by a steady music on, sprinkling them, each hour, from her water-can, under a boiling sun—thus to prepare the Sunday linen for her brothers and her own wedding outfit—will have disappeared, save as they return to fill a picture in some novel or ballad of the old time.

CHANGES OF COSTUME.

The tables will be spread with some cunning water-power Silesia not yet invented, or perchance with some meaner fabric from the cotton mills. The heavy Sunday coats that grew on a sheep individually remembered—more comfortably carried, in warm weather, on the arm—and the specially fine-striped blue and white pantaloons of linen just from the loom, will no longer be conspicuous in processions of footmen going to their homespun worship, but will have given place to processions of broadcloth gentlemen lolling in the upholstery of their coaches, able to worship, it may be, in a more cultivated figure, but not with a sincerity. The churches, too, that used to be simple brown meeting-houses covered with rived clapboards of oak, will have come down, mostly from the bleak hilltops in the close villages to the populous towns that crowd the waterfalls and the railroads; and the old burial places, where the fathers sleep, will be left to their lonely attitude—token, shall we say, of a age that lived as much nearer to heaven and as much less under the world.

FOOD FOR REFLECTION.

The change will be complete. Would that we might raise some worthy monument to a social state, then to be passed by, worthy, in all future time, to be held in the dearest reverence. It may have seemed extravagant or fantastic, that I should think to give a character of the century now past, under the one article of homespun. It certainly is not the only, or in itself the chief article of distinction: and yet we shall find it to be a distinction that runs through all others, and gives a color to the whole economy of life and character, in the times of which we speak. Thus, if the clothing is to be manufactured in the house, then flax will be grown in the plowed land, and sheep will be raised in the pasture, and the measure of the flax ground, and the number of the flock will correspond with the measure of the house market—the number of the sons and daughters to be clothed—so that the agriculture out of doors will match the family in doors.

FOOD AND RAIMENT.

Then as there is no thought of obtaining the articles of clothing, or dress by exchange; as there is little passing of money, and the habit of exchange is feebly developed, the family will be fed on home grown products, buckwheat, maize, rye, or whatever the soil will yield. And as carriages are a luxury introduced only with exchanges, the lads will be going back and forth to the mill on horseback, astride the fresh grists, to keep the mouths in supply. The meat market will be equally domestic, a kind of quartermaster slaughter and supply, laid out in the cellar, at fit times in the year. The daughters, in factory days, would go abroad to join the female conscription of the cotton mill, will be kept in the home factory, or in that of some other family, and so in the retreats of domestic life. And so it will be seen, that a form of life which includes almost every point of economy, centres around the article of homespun dress, and is by that determined. Given the fact that a people spin their own dress, you have in that fact a whole volume of characteristics. They may be

SHEPHERDS DWELLING IN TENTS,

Or they may build them fixed habitations, but the distinction given will show them to be people who are not in trade, whose life centers in the family, homebred in their manners primitive and simple in their character, inflexible in their piety, hospitable without show, intelligent without refinement. And so it will be seen that our homespun fathers and mothers made a puritan arcadia among the hills, answering to the picture which Polybius, himself an arcadian, gave of its countrymen, when he said that they had, "throughout Greece a high and honorable reputation; not only on account of their hospitality to strangers, and their benevolence towards all men, but especially on account of their piety toward the divine being." Thus, if we speak of what, in the polite world, is called society, our homespun age had just none of it—and perhaps the more of society for that reason; because what they had was separate from all the polite notions and showy conventionalities of the world. I speak not here of the

RUDE AND PROMISCUOUS GATHERINGS

Connected so often with the low and vulgar excesses; the military trainings, the huskings, the raisings, commonly ended with a wrestling match. These were their dissipations, and perhaps they were about as good as any. The apple paring and quilting frolics you may set down, if you will, as the polka-dances and masquerades of homespun. If they undertook a formal entertainment of any kind, it was commonly stiff and quite unsuccessful. But when some two queens of the spindle, especially fond of each other, instead of calling back and forth with a card-case in their hand, agreed to "join works," as it was called, for a week or two, it spinning, enlivening their talk by the rival buzz of their wheels, and, when the two skeins were done, spending the rest of the day in such kind of recreation as pleased them, this to them was the real society, and, so far, a good type of all the society they had,

AND NOT BAD TO HAVE.

It was the society not of the nominalists, but of the realists; society in or after-acts, spontaneously gathered, for the most part in terms of elective affinity—foot excursions of young people, or excursions on horseback, after the haying, to the tops of the neighboring mountains; boatings on the river or the lake, by moonlight, filling the wooded shores and the recesses of the hills with lively echoes; evening schools of sacred music, in which even music is not so sacred as preparing to be; evening circles of young persons falling together, as they imagine, by accident around some village queen of song, and chasing away the time in ballads and glees so much faster than they wish, that just such another accident is fitted to happen soon; neighbors called in to meet the minister and talk of both worlds together, and, if he is limber enough to suffer it, to catch (happy mixtures, that both are united in one).

WHAT WE CANNOT FORGET.

But most of all to be remembered are one friendly circles, gathered often round the winter's fire—not the stove, but the fine fire bright, blazing, hospitable fire. In the early dusk, the home circle is drawn more closely and quietly around it; but a good neighbor and his wife drop in shortly, from over the way, and the circle begins to spread. Next a few young folk from the other end of the village, entering in brisker mood, find as many more chairs set in as wedges into the porridge to receive them also. And then a friendly sleigh full of old and young, that have come down from the hill to spend an hour or two, spread the circle again, moving it still farther back from the fire; and the fire blazes just as much higher and more brightly, having a new stick added for every guest. There is no restraint, certainly no affectation of style. They tell stories, they laugh, they sing. They are

SERIOUS AND GAY

By turns, or the young folks go on with some play, while the fathers and mothers are discussing some hard point of theology in the minister's last sermon, or perhaps the greater danger coming to sound morals from the multiplication of turnpikes and newspapers!

Meantime the good housewife brings on her choice stock of home-grown exotics, gathered from three realms, doughnuts from the pantry, hickory-nuts from the chamber, and the sweet, smooth-cut apples from the cellar; all which, including, I suppose I must add, the rather impotic beverage that gave its acid sweets to the ancient hospitality, are discussed as freely, with no fear of consequences. And then, as the tall clock in the corner of the room ticks on majestically towards nine, the conversation takes, it may be,

A LITTLE MORE SERIOUS TURN,

and it is suggestive that a very happy evening may thus be ended with a prayer. Whereupon the circle breaks up with a reverent, congratulative look on every face, which is itself the truest language of a social nature blessed in human fellowship. Such, in general, was the society of the homespun age. I was not last society that puts one in connection with the truest work of letters, or fashion, or power, raising as much the level of his conscious ness and the scale and style of his action; but it was society back of the world, in the sacred realm of natural feeling, truth and piety.

THOUGHTS BY THE SEA.

Only the bird can rest upon the deep
And sleep upon the wave,
And dream its peaceful dreams where wild winds sweep,
And sweet the God who gave.

The birds a rest place on the restless sea—
But this, my heart, is not His way with thee.

Over the world, ah! passion's tempests roll—
And every flock of foam
Whitens the place where sank some sin-wrecked soul
That never shall reach home.

Oh! the tranquil shore of God's sweet, calm grace,
My heart, is thy only resting place
—Father Hyatt.

DEATH OF THE COLD WIFE.

[Detroit Free Press.]

She was late all day in a stupor, breathing with heavily-labored breath. Late as he ran sank to rest in the far off western sky, and the red glow on the wall of the room faded into dense shadows, she awoke and called feebly to her aged partner, who was sitting motionless by the bedside; he bent over his dying wife and took her wan, wrinkled hand in his:

"Is it night?" she asked in tremulous tones, looking at him with eyes that saw not.

"Yes," he answered softly. "It is growing dark."

"Where are the children? she queried; "are they all in?"

Poor old man! how could he answer her? the children who had slept for long years in the old church-yard—who had outlived childhood and borne the heat and burden of the day, and, growing old, had laid down the cross and gone to wear the crown before the old father and mother had finished their season.

ing a woman. A man, under [illegible]
man her age. Never ask when [illegible]
Do not play chess with [illegible]
Hint a man that stations [illegible]
and seats. Your oldest [illegible]
evening party. Always [illegible]
you can, at dinner.

wyer of Quebec City is about [illegible]
ainst a married lady who [illegible]
it circles for $12,000 for libel [illegible]
ly accused the gentleman of [illegible]
ring from her. The [illegible]
s laid some years ago, when [illegible]
scinating young widow, and [illegible]
as paying her his addresses.

see that woman over there [illegible]
ver in the audience, indicating
poken of; "that woman. I am [illegible]
, pets a dog. Her face has [illegible]
her pets; and such cases are [illegible]
ncommon. I can nearly always
who has a pet dog if she has [illegible]
of time. Her features invar[illegible]

bers, the "Theodora" of Dr. [illegible]
othair," died a few weeks ago [illegible]
home. She was a woman of [illegible]
n of character, and frequent[illegible]
volver in the days when her [illegible]
ook the field. Her husband, [illegible]
eave his name to a book [illegible]
nd Italian Unity," of which [illegible]
ambers was the real author.

ge says that "at Boston wedding
feature is to have the bride [illegible]
stand during the ceremony [illegible]
made of chrysanthemums, [illegible]
n-flowers, and smilax." At [illegible]
ge the newest feature is for [illegible]
stle around and get a living [illegible]
wife after they are married.
Chicago girls hat' the innovation

of ladies, embracing represen[illegible]
men from every part of the [illegible]
rmed themselves into an [illegible]
proposes a memor al to the [illegible]
President Polk. Mrs. Polk [illegible]
three-score-and-ten years [illegible]
ear, still survives in hearty health
at Nashville, where she is [illegible]

Being well to do and in [illegible]
world's worldly gear, it is [illegible]
t the proposed memorial to [illegible]
ung in the white house at [illegible]
e side of that of her late [illegible]

angley, a traveler said the [illegible]
oston correspondent of the [illegible]
. "They say that she is [illegible]
dropped; that nobody visits [illegible]
but I saw her with with the [illegible]
party on a public occasion [illegible]
o or three times, and that [illegible]
e was dropped, and as for [illegible]
she is one of the most beau[illegible]
e day—the most lovely [illegible]
erfect complexion, and hine[illegible]
, and such a smile!" The [illegible]
eye-witness was told all the [illegible]
dropped, etc., sprang from [illegible]
gry at her success in society.

MEAT EN BRIOCHE.

[From Temple Bar.]

ved his jeune and tragic mode[illegible]
is servants with cords—on one [illegible]
him harnessing his [illegible]
this friend Dr. Sheridan—and [illegible]
and-down the stairs and [illegible]
his deanery. Peter the Great [illegible]
mself by being [illegible]
ver-beds and neat parterres of [illegible]
ed in a wheelbarrow, as poor [illegible]
mple found to his cost. That [illegible]
diplomatist appears to have [illegible]
e the failure of the Triple Al[illegible]
play to his feelings at being [illegible]
monarch riding roughshod [illegible]
tubjas of Mont Park. Could [illegible]
ault to have been fond of [illegible]
in a room and jumping over [illegible]
nged in positions varying [illegible]
egrees of difficulty in clearing [illegible]
ness on the part of his [illegible]
anecdote is told. On one [illegible]
ed in these athletics, he [illegible]
ay. A young courtier [illegible]
the room, surprised the great [illegible]
rsuit. It was an [illegible]
ition, for Mazarin was, he knew
he was eccentric. But the [illegible]
nal to the crisis. Assuming the
rest in the proceeding, he [illegible]
signed earnestness, "I will bet [illegible]
two old pieces Louis best of [illegible]
rance, the right chord, [illegible]
ve, meaning to keeping [illegible]
finite minister, whom he took [illegible]
. He lost his two gold pieces, [illegible]
efore long a mitre. Some C[illegible]
theological pretensions to [illegible]
n one occasion seeing a pedantic [illegible]
cking he said to the pupil who [illegible]
amusement; "Now we must [illegible]
coming in." Old Barton the [illegible]
"Anatomie of Melancholy," [illegible]
which got Dr. Johnson out [illegible]
ers before he intended to rise, [illegible]
recreation in going down to [illegible]
Oxford and listening to the [illegible]
ear: "which did clears away [illegible]
make him laugh as he would [illegible]
III.," probably the greatest [illegible]
at on the throne of St. Peter [illegible]
greater amusement of playing [illegible]
the potentates of Europe by [illegible]
ity with an old monk on the [illegible]
the Vatican. He would listen [illegible]
e stories and pointless [illegible]
his humble companion, who [illegible]
great deal, regaled him. The [illegible]
ood Bishop Corbet have [illegible]
described by one who knew [illegible]
Lordship's favorite companion [illegible]
in Dr. Lushington. When [illegible]
day was over, the bishop and [illegible]
with this faithful henchman [illegible]
of the episcopal palace, [illegible]
n doff his "biled," saying, [illegible]
," he would then divest [illegible]
n, adding: "There; like the [illegible]
were filled and the feast was [illegible]
thee, Lushington." [illegible]
et." The celebrated Dean [illegible]
ave of his pipe. There is a [illegible]
phy of John Philips the poet [illegible]
mingly illustrates this weakness
of the Dean; but gives us a [illegible]
of the free and easy way in which
undergraduates of those days [illegible]
enior student laid a wager with
ege chums that the Dean was [illegible]
moking his pipe that [illegible]
o'clock in the morning. [illegible]
ant to the deanery where, having
to the Dean's study, he explained
his appearance at so early an
lled the Dean with the utmost
have lost your wager, for [illegible]
but filling my pipe."

amusements of Domitian, [illegible]
ious anecdote: "At the beginning
" writes this delightful gossip,
used to spend daily an hour
ivate, during which [illegible]
ken up in catching flies and
ugh the body with a [illegible]
selley and Macaulay would also
es in romping with children,
nes in which philosophers
nselves, perhaps the most extraordinary
that of Spinoza. He devoted
to catching and training [illegible]
atures he would present [illegible]
combats, laughing immoderately
uuvres and carefully seeing that
rity. Godolphin spent all his
re from public business if he
o unbend himself by constructing
clocks, and Charles II. by [illegible]
experiments. Prince Rupert
his laboratory, and so his remedies
ted for the invention of mezzotint
rious to notice how many men
ed for their polish and [illegible]
r conversationalities have [illegible]
ents found a strange pleasure in
ith their inferiors.
rant of our minor poets, the [illegible]
and diplomatists, occasionally [illegible]
ings in chatting with a [illegible]
d his slattern wife in a [illegible]
Long Acre. Thomas Wyatt,
of English poetry, and a [illegible]
Molar, was often to be found in a
oking and being joked. [illegible]
had similar pleasures. So also
the painter. Machiavelli and
to forget politics by chatting
farm-servants; and even the
rks, as we learn from one of
ghtful letters, was not above
rong. Byron's principal [illegible]
his residence at Venice was [illegible]
ed as a coin in pocket and [illegible]
he practiced more methodically
r thing in his unmethodical life.

information, that they or any [illegible]
district court, at the city of [illegible]
t, on Monday, the 3d day of January
in the forenoon, to show cause, if
day of [illegible]
diction thereafter, [illegible]
m for the same and to make [illegible]
behalf.
and, in said District, this 31st day of De[illegible]
EDWARD D. SHATTUCK,
U. S. Marshal for the Dist. of Oregon.

[illegible] day, sah, but she [illegible] text
[illegible] lady who has a wash bill up in me,
[illegible] my mind to transfer my defect one
[illegible] my wust sin, sah; more favorably

[illegible] who has read the printed reports
[illegible] know if we think Scoville will
[illegible] no doubt of the sequel is myself,
[illegible] Guiteau, shall be able to prove

Sunday Oregonian.

MORNING, DECEMBER 18, 1881.

I KNOW NOT.

[illegible] shall be,
[illegible] soon be cast,
[illegible] may be mine to see;
[illegible] is unrevealed to me;
[illegible] days—how they'll be past,
[illegible] knows. His will be done!

[illegible] my life shall end,
[illegible] shall be my day,
[illegible] right comes to defend,
[illegible] helping hands to lend,
[illegible] this house of clay.
[illegible] knows. His will be done!

THE WIND OF MARCH.

[illegible] of Rutledge, in Appleton's Journal for December.]

[illegible] some men are brutes," said

[illegible] a wedding, and my companion
[illegible]: The seat we occupied
[illegible] of the church, among other
[illegible] invited folk. We had gazed
[illegible] were about following the better
[illegible] invited guests in fine clothes, out of
[illegible] The bridal party had been gone
[illegible] guests were chatting, and
[illegible] light cloaks over their shoulders,
[illegible] about the vestibule for their carriages, who might have been
[illegible] divided between some
[illegible] by the ceremony just passed
[illegible] the dresses being covered up by
[illegible]. She did not seem in a hurry
[illegible] at the head of the pew, I
[illegible] She pinned her striped shawl
[illegible] chest, and repeated her re-
[illegible] not offer to pass out. I had
[illegible] by her bitter little com-
[illegible] but was getting tired.
[illegible] like fanny to talk of men being
[illegible] at the soft, peach-colored,
[illegible] nuptials we had just been
[illegible] black-eyed young woman whom
[illegible], though yelling her brutali-
[illegible] and flowers, appeared much
[illegible] than he.
[illegible] something," she said;
[illegible] very anxious to tell it, and I
[illegible] starting anything in reason,
[illegible] we walk a long together,
[illegible] we do. The sexton will
[illegible] the church."

[illegible] at the light cloaks (they
[illegible] on the pavement) and con-
[illegible] a strange city and did not
I walked with striped shawl
[illegible], I have always
[illegible]," I said, as we

[illegible] about the people we have
[illegible] I don't even know their
[illegible] married whose story
[illegible] also known her to
[illegible] sale. But
[illegible] was in no way connected with
[illegible] never could see any one mar-
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[illegible] rance, the right chord, [illegible]
[illegible] ve, meaning to keeping
[illegible] finite minister, whom he took
[illegible]. He lost his two gold pieces,
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[illegible] cking he said to the pupil who
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soft skinned like his mother; and, and to relate a little timid, after her pattern. He clung to her, and, as was to be looked for, was afraid of his father. It was an understood thing that the father disapproved of all that was nicest and most delightful to him. His father disapproved of his being sung to, and sat by when he went to sleep at night; of his playing with the little dolls that were so dear to his soul; of his having sweet things to eat, and of his being kept indoors so much. And so the house was divided against itself—the two weak against the one strong.

"When Louis was about six years old he was still certainly very much of a baby. He certainly had been coddled. There was no question that he was very timid, very backward, and very delicate. All this the father, in phlogmatic wrath, imputed to the mother's treatment of him, forgetting that a good deal was inheritance and a good deal the inevitable result of his surroundings. A life in two hot rooms under the care of a mother who has no other thought or interest, is not the school for hardy manhood. Louis was not manly, but he was very pretty, and very dear to his mother's heart. In fact, he was her heart, her religion, her life. There was nothing besides him that she craved, or asked, or hoped.

"One evening the father came home from business rather early, but with a frown a little darker, and a manner a little colder, than was his dreary wont. There had been bitter hostility for several days past, and a forced peace had succeeded an outbreak more than usually severe. When the father opened the door Louis was sitting peacefully at his mother's feet, cutting paper dolls. Paper dolls had been the rock on which they had split before, so Louis crept to the shelter of his mother, and hid his treasure in his apron.

"'What are you doing there?' said the father laying down his coat and hat, and keeping a cruel eye upon the child.

"Louis hung his head and did not answer.

"'Speak,' said the father. 'I like to have an answer when I put a question.'

"His mother telegraphed him to give an answer.

"'Playing' said Louis, faintly, not meeting his father's eye, but keeping his face turned toward his mother, to gather assurance and direction. It is not pleasant to be in the room with two people who telegraph what answers they shall make you, even if they are only a woman and a child.

"'Playing with what?' said the father, in wrath, and he plunged his hand into the boy's apron and brought out a handful of the proscribed dolls. With a sniff of contempt he crushed them together and threw them on the floor. At this Louis began to whimper; not a good honest bawl. His father thought he could have stood that, but a boy of six years old who whimpered, and who hadn't the pluck to cry even, was below contempt. So he boxed his ears—a good tingling box from a strong hand—and sat down by the light to read his evening paper. Even the box did not bring on the bawl, but an agonized increase of the whimpering started in the mother's arms.

"'A boy six years old playing with paper dolls,' said the father, from over his newspaper, swelling with wrath at the sound of the continued wail. 'When I was six years old my mother used to send me a mile away across the ice to take her eggs to market. She did not keep me all day toasting by a hot register, cutting paper dolls.'

"At this the mother gave Louis a tighter squeeze, and whispered something seditious in his ear. She had heard his comparison so often, I am afraid she wished that there had been a thin place in the ice the last day that he carried his mother's eggs to market. She did not say this to Louis, of course, but Louis understood her squeeze to be seditious and was comforted. Not so the father, who was as much irritated by the quiet as by the noise; but for some reason he contained himself.

"'You have played with your last paper doll,' he muttered, between his teeth, as he subsided behind his paper, and no more was said.

"That night, after Louis was in bed, the father said, not looking at his wife as he spoke, which was his way when not communicating anything welcome to her: 'I am going to take Louis to the store with me to-morrow morning. Have him ready.'

"It it's a pleasant day,' she said, anxiously, for it was bitter March weather, and the child was liable to croup.

"If it's a pleasant day, or if it's an unpleasant day,' he said, harshly; 'we've had enough coddlin'.'

Then the mother knew there was no use in any further speaking, and Louis must go, croup or no croup. Her husband was an importer of wines and groceries—the store was large and cold. There were hatchways down which he might fall; there were a hundred dangers in the dim and dismal place, but she knew it was useless to remonstrate. She hoped Louis would be so in his way that he would never want to take him down again.

"The morning proved cold and windy, but as there was no rain there was no excuse for speaking of her fears. The child was quite happy in the idea of going; it had long been promised to him. Once in the summer he had spent the day there, and he liked the rare action. He was afraid of his father, but it was a great thing to be go big to 'the store.' He had on his best suit, and his mother buttoned on his leggings and his gloves and his overcoat, with many charges

"'Be sure you don't forget your tippet when you're coming home,' she said. And then she reiterated cautions to the father about his leggings and his tippets and his many articles of dress. To all this the father may have paid attention or may not. At any rate, he did not answer her, but that was not anything unusual.

"After she had kissed Louis good-by, and watched him down the stairs, she ran to the window and watched him down the steps, going down one step at a time, and holding to the rail as she had taught him. As he reached the pavement a keen, biting, bleak wind swept down the street. It made him put down his head and clutch his hat, and look pitifully at his father, who was striding ahead.

"'He will forget him! O Gustav! Louis can never walk as fast as that.' And she opened the window to call, but fortunately the noise of the street kept her foolish appeal from being heard. She watched the boy till he caught up with his father, and till they sharply turned a corner and left her nothing to look at any longer.

"Then she drew in her head with a sigh, and much chilled shut the window down. What should she do all day? This was the second time in his life that she had to face a day without him. She arranged the room in nicer order than usual. She put his toys neatly in the drawer assigned them. She prepared a little surprise for him among them. Then she finished a little embroidered shirt that she was making. And she watched the weather as the day wore on, and grew hot and cold with apprehension as the wind raged past the window, and sifted the fine March dust under the sill and over her work. It was a dreadful day, and was growing hourly worse. People looked blue and chilled and put their heads down as they hurried past. Women had their hats tied up in veils, blue and gray and brown. Men wore the collars of their coats turned up, and plunged their hands deep in their pockets. The outer half-doors across the street were shut. People came and stood by the windows, but shivered and went away, and did not sit down by them. The morning had been dark, but the afternoon grew darker. It was winter and March together. It was too cold to snow, and the wind was gusty and fitful, and full of the raw exasperation that March alone is mistress of. The mother grew restless, and hurried on the last button on the shirt, that she might give her self free scope for apprehension, and might watch the weather without let or hindrance.

"She put on her bonnet and cloak and went out to a neighboring toy-shop in the avenue, and bought a little stable that Louis had been longing for. That took up some time, and gave her a sense of occupation and anticipation. She also wanted to know just how bad the day was, and she found, after she had been out in it, that it was worse than it had looked from the window. Surely, surely, he would have croup to-night. She got the spongia and aconite bottles out. She even got the two glasses ready, and the spoon, and set them on the table. Then she smuggled the stable into a safe place, and pined, as I have pined when a child was born, and then all that day, a housekeeper and making an exaggerated more to the bedroom or the dressing-room, to look out of the window, and disappointment. In fact they were not the kind and know what was the day was dreary and dismal. A hundred times a day Louis's father would come home. The husband's temperament with German thoroughness, it was rarely, if ever, complained. It was rarely, if ever, pipe-and-lager companion [illegible] He was not unmindful of the comfort of home, but [illegible] indifference and [illegible] of the child, however, things [illegible] a spice. He was fond of [illegible], and much interested [illegible] Louis, but also a good deal [illegible] The wife was so [illegible] cheerfully to this at [illegible] now quite changed; she [illegible] instinct of women. Left [illegible] no nurse for the child, [illegible] herself, making its clothes, [illegible] the street, feeding it from her [illegible] with no other thought in her [illegible] She had as little regard [illegible] as for her husband's [illegible] own dress to tuck and puff [illegible] little Louis. When her [illegible] to dinner he found her [illegible] the room in confusion, [illegible] put to bed. This was not [illegible] not been born wise, [illegible] to this went out then the [illegible] to assert his authority, [illegible] chafing anything in reason, [illegible] we walk a long together, [illegible] we do. The sexton will [illegible] the church."

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and, in said District, this 31st day of De[illegible]
EDWARD D. SHATTUCK,
U. S. Marshal for the Dist. of Oregon.

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little to inspire the better elements of repugnance to follow Arthur in his inauguration of machine power in every department of the government. Democratic folly may save the Arthur administration and the party from destruction, but nothing less can give the new rule any other destiny than hopeless disaster.

The trial of Guiteau, it is said, will cost the government 150,000. We hope this sum will cover the expenses of his execution.

CHILI PEPPERS.

What must be taken as Sauce by our Readers—Boiled down Wisdom of Others.

What Smarter Folks than we are Think of this Wicked World and its Woeful Ways.

It works both ways: Fogg says to love your neighbor as yourself is a good rule; but one should also love his neighbor's neighbor. Fogg says he is his neighbor's neighbor.

Even if a boy is always whistling "I want to be an Angel," it is just as well to keep the preserved pears on the top shelf of the pantry. [Published by request of an anxious parent, with more boys than pears.]

"How would you like to buy a tract of first class land in Texas?" asked a stranger the other day of a Philadelphia speculator. "Well, I don't know," was the meditative response. "How much do centipedes ring a bushel now?"

Hartford is showing its gratitude for being made those capital in various ways. Two latest is a receipt by which as many can be made for five persons at a cost of 3 cents. This is designed chiefly for New Haven, which is largely in debt.

Agreeable all round: "I propose introducing some new features into the service," said Rev. Mr. Textus. "All right," remarked Mr. Fogg. "New features in that pulpit are just what I have been longing for for the last year or two."

Cable dispatches state that a plot to blow up the czar has been discovered. A plot to blow up a Chicago man was discovered by the intended victim, who frustrated it by giving his wife a sealskin sacque before she caught on to the other girl's name.

A young lady who has an objection to the revision of the New Testament, writes to the London *Truth* to say that the phrase "purple and fine linen" conveys no idea of luxury to her mind, and she suggests as an improvement, "sealskin and black velvet."

A Colorado photographer recently started in to be a desperado, but he lost his life the first time he tried, to kill a man, was after covering the intended victim, he gave the victim time to draw and shoot first, by pausing to remark ere he fired, "now look natural."

"Well," said the railroad restaurant-keeper, as he discovered in the morning that thieves had entered during the night and devoured all the stuff on the counter. "there's one consolation. It'll make them dog lay sick!" Maybe this doesn't strike you as funny.

A new comic opera, "The Twelve Jolly Bachelors," has just been produced in Boston, and will be a success as soon as the public can get used to seeing the twelve bachelors remain on the stage instead of coming down and occupying the front seat during the ballet.

Delightful management: "No," said the charming actress to her devoted lover. "No, Charlie, I won't marry you; but you can have the privilege of paying for all my little suppers and carriages after the theater, and you'll be envied by all the boys. That ought to satisfy you."

A country member-elect to the legislature, studying up on speech making, put a wasp down his neck to see if it would excite him to gesticulation. His family are of opinion that if he repeats his gesticulations of that occasion in the legislature, the state house will have to be enlarged.

At a trial of a criminal case the prisoner entered a plea of "not guilty," when one of the jurymen at once stood up. The judge informed him that he could not leave until this case was tried. "Tried," repeated the juror in astonishment. "Who, he acknowledges that he is not guilty!"

A woman who carried around milk in Paris said a naive thing the other day. One of the cooks to whom she brought milk looked into it as can and remarked, with surprise: "Why, there is actually nothing there but water!" The woman having satisfied herself of the truth of the statement, said: "Well, I didn't forget to put in the milk!"

"Want any species of doves?" asked a peddler of a saloon-keeper one day last week. "Vat for I want um?" asked the proprietor. "To take away the smell of beer from the breath," said the peddler. "Take away dot smell of beer!" exclaimed the man behind the counter. "You got something vat makes der smell stay on, and I buys him."

Diplomatic: "Ka," said she confidingly, "Henry has asked me to marry him." "And you accepted?" was the query. "No," was the reply, "I didn't, and neither did I reject him. If I can keep him on the string until Christmas he'll make me a handsome present to induce me to say 'yes.' You know I've been wanting a gold watch for a long time."

"A youthful critic: Charley Smallface is continually mislaying his memorandum-book. We noticed it carefully hung up on the floor of his room this morning and opened it at the last entry, which was: "My father says, 'An honest man is the noblest work of God.' I saw the same remark in a newspaper. This proves the old man a plagiarist, and no plagiarist is an honest man. There is no 'noblest work' in our family."

It is rumored in England that the young earl of Lonsdale, who inherited estates yielding £70,000 a year, and perhaps the most splendid collection of "ceramics" of the last century in England, has just been informed that he is the inheritor of a bequest consisting of an extensive and select cellar of wine, a beautiful collection of old china, some valuable plate and rather more than £100,000 in consols. So the water runs to the river!

Fun in the family: Snickerson came into the house last evening with a three inch-and-a-half smile playing over his countenance. "Huldah," said he, "when was I born?" "The night!? When the cow jumped over the moon, Hallal ha!" "There, there," said his wife, "just hold that expression a minute. It reminds me of your great-grandfather's looks when he had to laugh at that self-same joke." Snickerson simply retaliated by referring to his wife's "good memory for one who likes to be thought young," and dropped the laugh.—New Haven Register.

Christian resignation: Mrs. McSpilkins, who is very regular in her attendance at an Austin avenue church, was visited by a lady not long since, who observed that Mrs. McSpilkins' boy, Ike, had a nigger shooter, which is a rubber catapult for shooting pebbles. "I would be afraid to let my boy have one of those things," remarked the visitor, "he might break the windows." "I know it," responded Mrs. McSpilkins, with an angelic smile, "but this is a rented house, and we are going to move out before cold weather sets in."—Texas Siftings.

THE FASHIONS.

Flannel-finished cloths are much in demand.

Tortoise shell ornaments are never out of vogue.

The eagle's claw is again a fashionable ornament.

Black remains the favorite dress of American women.

Light-colored heavy wraps are much worn this winter.

Curly plush is one of the prettiest trimming materials.

Plush basques with moire collars and cuffs are much admired.

The tailor-cut jacket remains its place among fashionable winter wraps.

Frog buttons and parallel rows of Titan braid trim cloth dresses very elegantly.

Although great length is the feature of the winter wraps, it is permissible to wear short ones.

Combination costumes of now stuff should not be so gay as those where one or the other material is cotton.

Immense felt hats, with plush-like edges to the brim, are worn side by side with small capotes of velvet.

Fancy pearl or silver buttons, not of the largest size adorn many of the plush and velvet basques, now so fashionable.

The loveliest of all inexpensive evening dresses is of white or cream nun's veiling or cashmere, or Cuddra cloth, with white moire accessories and ribbons and laces.

Plush bands, having the appearance of light-colored seal and beaver furs, form the cuffs, collars, pocket straps and revers of many handsome light-colored beaver cloth sacques, jackets and visites.

For house wear the skirts of last year's dresses can be advantageously worn with silk or wool Jerseys. A scarf of wool arranged on panier or apron-like around the hips gives the required row-style look.

All dresses with the least pretention to elegance are finished around the bottom by one, two or three narrow flutings or ruffles, besides the indispensable balayeuse of pleated white muslin edged with lace.

A burglar who got into a boarding house in Syracuse, stole a mince pie that had been on the dinner table eighteen times. The court will probably let him off easy, if there's anything left of him to try, after the doctors get through with him, and the boarders of that house have made up a purse and presented it to him.

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

SOL'S RESTAURANT,

67 FIRST ST.,

Between Oak and Pine.

BREAKFAST AND DINNER,

INCLUDING

Pint Bottle Good Cal. Table Claret,

FIFTY CENTS.

Meal Tickets Sold

(Not including Wine)

Three for $1.

This is the most conveniently located restaurant for the accommodation of business men and other classes.

LUNCHES AT 25 TO 50 CENTS.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,

Corner Front and Morrison, Portland.

(On the European Plan.)

THOS. GUINEAN, Proprietor.

(Late of the Arcade, Sacramento.)

THIS HOTEL IS THOROUGHLY FIRE-PROOF. Contains 150 elegantly furnished suits and single rooms, which have been refitted and refurnished in modern style.

Free coach to and from all trains and boats.

CLARENDON HOTEL,

PORTLAND, OR.

KIENER & KNOWLES, Proprietors.

Situated opposite all the Railroad and Steamship offices. Street Cars pass the house every five minutes. Free Coach to and from the house. Street car tickets free in grounds.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

NO RENT—NO CLERKS.

BOOTS AND SHOES AT BEDROCK RATES.

One of the Largest and Best Complete Stocks in the City.

WM. GRAY & SONS

Have just Received their Fall Stock, being the Most Complete ever Brought to this city.

SOLE AGENTS

BANNISTER & TILTON'S GOODS.

LADIES, CALL AND SEE US.

WM. GRAY & SONS.

149 Front St., bet. Morrison and Alder.

NEW YORK BOOT AND SHOE HOUSE,

198 FIRST ST.,

HYMAN GALLICK, Prop'r.

Has the Largest and Finest Stock of Boots, Shoes and Rubber goods in Oregon, having an agent in New York to select the finest there is for this market. Therefore he can undersell any other house in the city.

An invitation is extended to the public to call and examine his stock.

GEO. L. HIBBARD, J. W. BRAZEE

GEO. L. HIBBARD & CO.,

Manufacturers, Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS,

Shoe Laces, Ladies' Shoe Polish, Shoe Brushes and Blacking of All Kinds.

Hibbard's Hand-Made Boots and Shoes are the Best in the Market.

85 Front Street, Portland, Or. jel5

STOP SACRIFICING LIFE

On Wild Experiments, and use

DR. A. W. LIVINGSTONE'S

Special Remedies for Special Diseases,

SUCH AS

Smallpox, Diphtheria, Rheumatism and Fever and Ague.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S cure for Diphtheritic Scarlet Fever and Varioloid has proven itself to be the only reliable remedy known. It is also a Sure Preventive. All other methods are wild experiments. By my mode of treatment a physician is unnecessary, as full directions to meet every symptom of the disease are sent.

Agents Wanted in Every Community.

A good nurse can make from $50 to $100 per week by going to afflicted localities and using medicine as directed. Sent by mail, in a dry form at $1 50 per box, and can be prepared for use in ten minutes. Send by money by registered letter, at my risk. Write Postoffice address plainly, giving County Town and State. Address DR. A. W. LIVINGSTONE, decidim eod 36 B St., Portland, Or.

1850. 31 Years' Practical Experience. 1881

JOHN A. CHILD,

DRUGGIST,

Corner Morrison and Second Streets

DEALER IN

Fine Chemicals, Perfum

The Daily C

SATURDAY MORNIN

THE LITTLE BEGGARS

QUE

'Twas on a bitter winter
I saw a strange, pathet
The streets were gloomy
The air with falling s

A little ragged beggar cl
Went running through
He looked as if he never
As if he never had bee

Sudden, he spied benea
A faded button-hole be
Trampled and wet with
Withered and worthles

He bounded, seized it wi
Stood still and shook i
Into his coat he pinned
His eyes lit up with su

He sauntered on, all plea
His face transformed i
And fingered that fine hu
Might chance to see th

The man who threw the
Never one-half such p
The flowers' best work w
In cheering up that be

Ah me, too often we forg
Happy in these good h
How many in this world
Glad even of the withe

—H. H. in the C

HOW IT I

Miss Jane Beagle had l
this wicked world to k
blessedness is not always
to its possessor of her
beauty; she had started life
but she went too far wh
Winkum because he was p
Billy had in him that stu
rise in some place—probably
voice, a feeling that he wi
also, if not a little bett
fourth of July orations.
which had changed his
"that there handsome J
Jane Beagle, that hasn't
rison in the world and h
and was a person of such
one would have dared to
um. Mr. William War
his designation; a finer
chain, or a larger diamo
owned by no one in Billsb
He had never married,
him all the more desirab
He had met Jane very
Jane would very willingly
that her decisive no of
been repented of. Alas!
Warrington Winkum no
that no, or he regarded it
"Had yet he hasn't mara
"and he don't flirt round
girls, nor pay first round
a gray hair. He is five ye
any way. Suppose he sho
However, concealment
like a worm in the bud o
rington Winkum's damask
on the platform at electio
lung power, and he built
the hill wherein he installe
remarkable old grandmoth
fourteen children, and as
talked and sat with an
a woman of forty.

Oh! that house with it
new shutters, its elabora
chimneys, its balcony and
interior of Wilton carpet
and velvet parlor furnitur
Beagle said to herself:

"All this might have lie
yes to Billy. She said it
some day, about housekeep
was doing her best with
that was all her own now,
had slipped out of it—
some were dead—nobody
"I don't think I can star
sighed Jane. "I must tak
thing. Nobody to speak
feel sick, nobody to do for
Jane was down in the ki
as she spoke. The rafters
the line outside. The r
well scrubbed, were turne
dry, every pan shiny bea
was warm enough, and the
would not make the walls
"Height-ho!" sighed Ja
some house, but I shan't
own."

She said it aloud—a bad
so" had grown upon her
she was answered on the i

"Why, who knows!" said
have the handsomest hous
Who knows? Don't you
now?"

"Good gracious!" said J
feet; "who is that?"

"It's only me, ma'am,"
woman, with a baby
pockets on her ears, who s
smiled at her merrily. "I
wandering over the wor
times for them. Will y
lady?"

"Mine?" said Jane, lau
too old."

"You are young enough
of you, lady," said the g
twenty-five cents to hear
Besides, luck is measured
not on size to look for it.
"What woman does n
most heart that there are
and earth than are dream
What single woman do
upon earth fate keeps
son?

It would be awfully
nobody will ever know,
She felt in her pocke
was not there. She had
to her that morning.
answer at the little bo
desk in it, which stood
get it. The gypsy fo
laughing, hinting at t
blushes to Jane's cheek.
drawer. There lay, the s
the sugar tongs, a br
Jane's only costly bit of
bills. Miss Beagle drew
a quarter, and kept it it
the savings bank, which
ment for a while.

The bright eyes, set cl
sy's head, saw all as a
was very bright as Miss
five cents into her hand.

"I have taken a notic
looking at the palm o
youthful hand that lay i
afore you. There's one
off, eh?"

Jane blushed again.

"He'll give you a hat
you up in a carriage," ad
own up, lady, your hear
not!"

"He does not care w
sighed Jane, unaware th

"Lady," said the gyps
great power. I can bri
to. I can cure love
you and he shall come to

"What am I to do?
away by her own emot
dramatic manner.

"I'll tell you, lady," s
down here beside this
your face with this hat
afraid, it's clean; it is
Now think of him. Th
ache, don't move until I t

People in love are gen
dam afraid, and Jane had
uring the image of Mr.
in her heart for years.
sy bade her.

The next moment she
tied tightly over her eye
were tied also with a sto

She screamed, but s
foot together.

"It's no use, lady," s
friendly. "I've got the
I shan't hurt you. I'll
so."

The spoons jingled.
see, but she knew tha
drawer were being trai
pocket, and she screame

About an hour after
William Warrington Wi
house in a buggy. He
stopped to gather a bun
fence from a full bus
had pulled lilacs for h
he put them to his nose

"Something is the ma
out stopping to tie his
garden and up the path

The kitchen was empt
On the floor, the pail
done that as she departe
heard. William rushes
and found Jane with
black silk handkerchief
bound.

In a moment he had
she sat in her chair. "Sh
to herself; but Mr. W
Winkum noticed that she had h
under her tucked-up sleeves, an
frightened eyes were blue indeed. Happily,
she had not shed a tear.

"I've been tied here for I don't know how
long, Mr. Winkum," she said. "Oh, how
thankful I am you came by! I have been
robbed of everything I have—my silver, my
money, my jewelry. What I shall do I don't
know."

"Unprotected women," said Mr. Winkum,

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 18, 1881.

GENERAL NEWS.

Death of Dr. Isaac I. Hayes, the Arctic Explorer.

MRS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN AFFLICTED WITH TOTAL BLINDNESS.

A Number of Persons Said to be Looking for Quitteau—Failure of the National Mexican Railroad Construction Company.

CHICAGO, Dec. 17.—*Journal's* Springfield, Ills., letters from Mrs. Abraham Lincoln to her eyesight. The letters convey the sad news that the afflicted lady has completely lost the use of her eyesight. She was unable to write and her letters are written at dictation by an attendant. Mrs. Lincoln says her eyes are so weak she cannot see and beyond that fact nothing more is known of her condition. No trouble has ever been experienced heretofore by Mrs. Lincoln with her eyes.

Guiteau is Hungry.

Journal's Washington: A would-be-assassin of Guiteau continues to appear. The photograph of a man named Utley, who is said to have left Nebraska a few days ago to come here to assassinate the assassin, has been received by authorities here. Notice of his has also been received that the Molly Maguires of Pennsylvania, have been detailed to rid the jury of their responsibility. The attempt is to be made on the 21st. A package addressed to Guiteau, opened yesterday, was found to contain a piece of roll.

Arthur's Civil Service Record.

BOSTON, Dec. 17.—George William Curtis, in a lecture last night on civil service reform, welcomed President Arthur into reform ranks and trusted to see him carry out the declarations of his inaugural message.

The Cabinet Slate.

NEW YORK, Dec. 17.—A *Times'* Washington special declares the remainder of the president's new cabinet will probably be as follows: Secretary of War, Robt. T. Lincoln; Secretary of Navy, Geo. S. Boutwell; Postmaster-General, Timothy O. Howe; Secretary of the Interior, Jerome B. Chaffee.

The Disgraced Regiment.

BOSTON, Dec. 17.—A most searching investigation of the committee into the conduct of the Boston regiment at Yorktown results in the establishment of certain misdemeanors against twenty-one members for intoxication, disobedience, unsoldierly and ungentlemanly acts complained of. Many of the complaints are not grounded in fact. They recommend summary discharge of the guilty men.

Blessed to Death.

DETROIT, Dec. 17.—August Alberts, of Harbor Springs, and wife, while temporarily absent from home, left two children, aged four and one, who set fire to some shavings and were burned up together with the house.

Suicide.

Daniel Kelly, an old man, hung himself after vainly attempting to cut his throat. No cause.

Fire at Kenosha.

KENOSHA, Wis., Dec. 16.—Kupper's steam cracker factory was burned. Loss $20,000. Insured.

Creditors' Meeting.

BOSTON, Dec. 17.—At a meeting of the creditors of Paul M. Swain, broker and commission dealer in drugs and chemicals, recently failed, it was shown the stock of debtor had all been hypothecated to secure certain creditors. Total indebtedness, $444,786; unsecured indebtedness, $196,436.

A Town Burned.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Dec. 16.—At a fire to-night at Bates Hill, Miss., burned a store and a livery stable of S. Burchard & Co. and the *Blade* newspaper office. Except for efforts of citizens and favorable wind a large portion of the town would have been destroyed.

Captured by Cowboys.

WELLINGTON, Ks., Dec. 17.—The town of Caldwell is in the hands of a cowboy mob and officers are powerless to do anything. Mike Meagher, former mayor of the city, but lately marshal, is killed. The sheriff, with a posse from Wellington, is just starting to the scene of the trouble.

A Republican Address.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 17.—J. D. McKee, chairman of the state committee of citizens opposed to bulldozing, has issued an address to the independent republicans of Pennsylvania, inviting them to send representatives from each county to a meeting of the state committee to be held in this city January 12th to take into consideration the wisdom of placing in nomination proper persons for the offices of governor, lieutenant governor, secretary of internal affairs and supreme court judge, and such other matters as may legitimately come before the committee, looking to the overthrow of boss rule.

A Member of Parliament on the Chili-Peru Imbroglio.

NEW YORK, Dec. 17.—Saturday's *Tribune* editorial: The following dispatch to the editor of the *Tribune* received yesterday by cable from Liverpool is from a very capable member of Parliament (sitting for a Scotch borough), who has also exceptional acquaintance with the subject by reason of long residence and large business connections on the Pacific coast of South America:

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 16.—In the Chili-Peru controversy I hope the influence of your government may be all-powerful. Peru is hopelessly financially and politically bankrupt. She cannot indemnify Chili. Her promises, like her bonds, are utterly worthless. The acquisition of territory by Chili is an accomplished fact, and in Bismarck language, "Wise as well as necessary." The desert of Atacama was colonized by Chilians and draws its sustenance from Chili and not from Peru. Urge the Washington government to promote the interests of civilization and constitutional government. These will be best guaranteed by recognizing the predominating influence of Chili, so ably sustained by her statesmen and vindicated also at great cost on the field of battle. On any other lines the action of the Washington government may be injurious to human progress.

W. S. WILLIAMS, M. P.

An experienced American diplomatist once said, Chili is to South America what the north is to the United States; Peru is what the south is. We believe that our administration realizes at once the power and right of Chili and has not the slightest disposition to push its views beyond the friendly representation already made. We believe, too, the government of Chili understands and is perfectly satisfied with our attitude in spite of the blundering of some of our agents.

The Mexican National Construction Company

NEW YORK, Dec. 17.—The *Tribune* says the Mexican national construction company was organized for the purpose of building the Mexican National railroad from Laredo on the City of Mexico, and from that point west to the Pacific at Manzanillo. The capital is $5 000,000, of which $4,000 000 is preferred stock and $1,000,000 common stock. The common stock was issued to pay the contractors Sullivan concession, on condition that preferred stock should be paid for in full in cash. The construction company turned over the contract to the railway company, reserving the subsidy granted under it. It was to receive for the construction of the line $20,000 in bonds and $20,000 in stock a mile. Of the stock and subscription 80 per cent has been called. All this amount has been paid, and the company has recently sent notices to subscribers requesting immediate payment. Officers of the company decline to make known the amount unpaid, but it is understood about $225,000 of the stock of the construction company and nearly $800,000 of subscriptions are in default. At the same time subscriptions are selling at a discount of about 6 per cent, and construction companies' stock at a discount of from 21 to 11 per cent. It was reported in Wall street yesterday that the company was in want of money to continue the work of construction, and that Gould, to whom application for help has been made, had refused to assist. The correctness of this report could not be verified absolutely. Russell Sage, who was believed to know something of the application, would only say that some of the Mexican companies had been very enterprising, that Gould and he, who were interested in a Mexican line, were waiting to see how their neighbors got along in their efforts to build the line between here and the City of Mexico. It is said that about 40 miles had been completed and about 160 miles graded in addition to the company's own narrow gauge road bought and completed for transportation of supplies.

Public Land Robbery Exposed.

CHICAGO, Dec. 17.—The special from St. Paul: Reliable advices have been received here involving several leading citizens of Emerson, Manitoba, and two United States officials of Pembina, Dakota. The allegation is that the following named: Emerson Lewis, postmaster; Hyde, deputy postmaster; Edwin G. Simcoe, of her majesty's customs; Henry O. Evans, resident manager of Merchants' bank of Canada; Irvin, of Hepburn & Irvin, bankers; Grass, agent of the Canada Pacific railroad, and several others, conspired with the clerk of the court at Pembina to make false entries of public lands. The attention of the land department has been drawn to these fraudulent transactions and Mr. W. W. Burke, special agent, has been ordered to make investigation and take such steps as would correct the evil. Messrs. Evans, Irvin and others, direct or through others, gave him to understand that they were British subjects and residents of Manitoba; that they had not declared their intention to become citizens; that they had never resided in the United States, and had no present intention of doing so; that they were entirely ignorant of the laws of the United States, and that through a mail named Keene corresponding with the clerk of the court at Pembina, they had been misled into making entries on the assurance of these parties that it was all right. These parties also assured Major Burke and others that no oath had been taken or administered to them by the clerk, and some claimed to have paid $6 in addition to the usual fee in consideration of his not requiring the oath. Others, others claimed that the papers were not altered up at all when they were signed, but were left with the clerk to forward to the local land office. All parties declared that any paper or affidavit stating that they had signified their intention of becoming citizens were fraudulent. Mr. Burke procured copies of applications from the commissioner of the general land office, which showed the originals to have been made in the usual form, with certificates showing that all oaths had been duly administered, etc. In most of the cases papers were executed before Robert Swing, deputy clerk of the court. Upon these assurances they were cited to appear as witnesses against the aforesaid officials, and attended, but a postponement being effected by defendants, they were allowed to return on their word of honor that they would come when wanted. They forfeited their pledges. The warrants are now being held over them while their claims, some of which have been partly improved, are being grabbed by land grabbers on this side of the line. It is estimated that these petitioners and others had gobbled a hundred thousand acres all of which is being confiscated.

Desperadoes Dealt with.

DENVER, Col., Dec. 17.—*Tribune's* Leadville Independence mining camp, twenty miles west of here, has for a long time been overrun with desperate characters, who kept in a perpetual state of turmoil. Often several of these would band together and virtually take possession of the camp, shooting and robbing in the streets and closing saloon and gambling business for several hours. Shortly after 8 o'clock last night, Patton and Malloy, two desperadoes of dark last night, Patton and Malloy, two desperadoes of the reputation of killing a number of men, becoming intoxicated, started up the streets, firing revolvers promiscuously. General intimidation ensued, and people turned out en masse and pursued the desperadoes, who were finally brought to bay and literally riddled with bullets. They returned the fire of the mob, but without effect. Hitherto vigilance committees was formed for the purpose of hanging three or four of the worst blacklegs, none of hanging three or four of the worst blacklegs, none of whom had yet been caught. A reveral of sentiment as to the probable appointment of Howe in the cabinet apparently is nothing but speculation. At first Howe was favorably considered for attorney-general, but the connection of his son-in-law with the defense in the star route cases handicapped him. The president is somewhat sensitive about these cases, owing probably to the declarations and insinuations of MacVeagh. The president has from the first earnestly desired a vigorous prosecution of cases to the end that if conviction failed the administration could in no wise be held responsible. It was deemed best not to appoint Howe, and the latter has friends who were among the first to recognize the possible embarrassment that might follow his appointment when Howe was passed by for attorney general. All his cabinet prospects are ended, and since then he has not been thought of, for it is believed the president will give him some appointment, possibly on the bench, if a vacancy occurs, or a foreign mission. General Beale will, from present indications, probably be secretary of the navy. The president is inclined to gratify General Grant's wishes as to one cabinet place, and Grant warmly endorses Beale.

Greenback Expectations.

Greenbackers in convention are determined to join any party element in the house that will oppose the restriction of silver coinage. Representative Laid said to-night if the democrats take a sensible stand on this question they can carry the next congress. The east as well as the west is opposed to restriction of silver coinage and the administration had made a big mistake in recommending it. As to the three per cent. funding bill, I don't know how they will vote. We greenbackers believe there ought not to be any bonds. A number of western republicans also oppose any curtailment of silver but they will probably be offset by New York and other eastern democrats who will go with the administration on this question.

After Office.

Fitzgerald and Wimberly, who were candidates on the fusion ticket in the recent Mississippi election, are here and have seen the president several times. A leading southern republican was asked to-night what Fitzgerald and Wimberly have in view, whether they are seeking to establish a dual government in Mississippi by setting up the late fusion ticket on the president's recognition were true or not? He replied: "No; there's nothing in it. All that Fitzgerald and Wimberly have in view is a good appointment for each of them. They are after office; nothing more." This same republican said the published reports of a recent meeting of southern republicans and greenbackers, including several greenback congressmen, with reference to the Mississippi election were greatly exaggerated. The meeting was simply attended and in reality a failure. The idea of setting up a dual government in Mississippi was confined to a very few visionaries.

Washington Notes.

The new five-cent Garfield postage stamp is pronounced the handsomest stamp ever issued.

Thos. O. Acton of New York will be nominated Monday as assistant treasurer at New York, vice Hillhouse.

At a cabinet meeting to-day Secretary Blaine took official leave of his associates. The Peru-Chili imbroglio was discussed.

The Washington Monument Association will ask Congress to appropriate $200,000 to continue the work of completing the monument.

The senate, in executive session, referred the nomination of Brewster as attorney-general to the judiciary committee. Other nominations received were also referred.

The senate committee of investigation of contingent fund expenditures in various departments today examined Chief Clerk Power of the treasury department. The interrogations are based upon and minutely refer to testimony taken by the Meline commission.

Up to adjournment of senate and house yesterday there have been introduced in the senate 592 bills and sixteen joint resolutions, and the call of states for presentation of bills in the house for reference rests with the state of Pennsylvania. It is supposed that nearly one thousand more bills and joint resolutions will be introduced when both houses meet Monday.

The interior department officially notified the people of St. Paul and Kodiack island, off the coast of Alaska, that it is compelled by law to furnish them with medicines which they have formally petitioned for, because of lack of funds.

Three hundred vaccine points have been forwarded to the agent at Assiniboine Indian agency, where small pox is alarmingly prevalent.

The Turtle Mountain Indians in north Wisconsin are deranged with smallpox and as these Indians are not under any government agency they were allowed to roam and care for themselves as best they can. The war department has no funds available, or their relief.

Inspector Hayworth has arrived in the city and was at the interior department to-day. In an interview he says that in all his experience he never knew but one Indian who had been in Washington to go on the war path, he thought the power of the government was so supreme up to the line visiting the capital as to deter them from entering into war with the government.

Bills Introduced.

Among the 567 bills introduced in the house yesterday, was one by Townshend of Illinois, providing that hereafter no territory shall form a constitution or apply for admission as a state into the union until it shall contain a population equal to that required in a congressional district, in order to entitle it to representation in the house of representatives. The bill is, of course, primarily intended to head off expected applications from Dakota and Washington territories, and would also doubtless apply to New Mexico.

Under the title of "a bill to authorize the president to reserve from sale, or other disposition, certain timber lands in California," Representative Converse yesterday reintroduced his bill of the last congress, empowering the president to select from California public lands and set aside as public parks such tracts containing sequoia, or redwood, trees as he may deem proper, not exceeding two townships in the aggregate.

Keifer's Reception.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.—The Ohio republican association gave a reception to the speaker to-night which was a most pleasant affair.

Pierola Resigned.

Rosas, new Peruvian minister, has received a telegram from Lima stating that Pierola has resigned the presidency of Peru and embarked for Europe

On a Mournful Trip.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—Gen. Sherman has gone to St. Louis to attend the funeral of the late Gen. Turner. Gen. Sherman was at one time partner of Turner in the banking business in San Francisco.

Cowboy Row at Caldwell.

CALDWELL, Ks., Dec. 17.—One of those terrible border shooting affrays occurred in this city about one o'clock P. M. resulting in the death of Mike Meagher, former mayor of this city and Geo. Speers, a gambler. Particulars cannot be obtained in general on account of the excitement that prevails at this late hour, but it seems last night and this morning a party of cowboys, Sheenan alias Talbot, Jim Martin, Bob Manning and Bob Bighten, with Geo. Sharp and a fellow named Lowe, were drinking and carousing. About 8 o'clock this morning they became intoxicated, started up the streets, firing revolvers promiscuously. General intimidation ensued, and people turned out en masse and pursued the desperadoes, who were finally brought to bay and literally riddled with bullets. They returned the fire of the mob, but without effect. After the latter a vigilance committee was formed for the purpose of hanging three or four of the worst blacklegs, none of whom had yet been caught. A reveral of sentiment as to the probable appointment of Howe in the cabinet apparently is nothing but speculation. At first Howe was favorably considered for attorney-general, but the connection of his son-in-law with the defense in the star route cases handicapped him. The president is somewhat sensitive about these cases, owing probably to the declarations and insinuations of MacVeagh. The president has from the first earnestly desired a vigorous prosecution of cases to the end that if conviction failed the administration could in no wise be held responsible. It was deemed best not to appoint Howe, and the latter has friends who were among the first to recognize the possible embarrassment that might follow his appointment when Howe was passed by for attorney general. All his cabinet prospects are ended, and since then he has not been thought of, for it is believed the president will give him some appointment, possibly on the bench, if a vacancy occurs, or a foreign mission. General Beale will, from present indications, probably be secretary of the navy. The president is inclined to gratify General Grant's wishes as to one cabinet place, and Grant warmly endorses Beale.

Greenback Expectations.

Greenbackers in convention are determined to join any party element in the house that will oppose the restriction of silver coinage. Representative Laid said to-night if the democrats take a sensible stand on this question they can carry the next congress. The east as well as the west is opposed to restriction of silver coinage and the administration had made a big mistake in recommending it. As to the three per cent. funding bill, I don't know how they will vote. We greenbackers believe there ought not to be any bonds. A number of western republicans also oppose any curtailment of silver but they will probably be offset by New York and other eastern democrats who will go with the administration on this question.

After Office.

Fitzgerald and Wimberly, who were candidates on the fusion ticket in the recent Mississippi election, are here and have seen the president several times. A leading southern republican was asked to-night what Fitzgerald and Wimberly have in view, whether they are seeking to establish a dual government in Mississippi by setting up the late fusion ticket on the president's recognition were true or not? He replied: "No; there's nothing in it. All that Fitzgerald and Wimberly have in view is a good appointment for each of them. They are after office; nothing more." This same republican said the published reports of a recent meeting of southern republicans and greenbackers, including several greenback congressmen, with reference to the Mississippi election were greatly exaggerated. The meeting was simply attended and in reality a failure. The idea of setting up a dual government in Mississippi was confined to a very few visionaries.

Washington Notes.

The new five-cent Garfield postage stamp is pronounced the handsomest stamp ever issued.

Thos. O. Acton of New York will be nominated Monday as assistant treasurer at New York, vice Hillhouse.

At a cabinet meeting to-day Secretary Blaine took official leave of his associates. The Peru-Chili imbroglio was discussed.

The Washington Monument Association will ask Congress to appropriate $200,000 to continue the work of completing the monument.

The senate, in executive session, referred the nomination of Brewster as attorney-general to the judiciary committee. Other nominations received were also referred.

The senate committee of investigation of contingent fund expenditures in various departments today examined Chief Clerk Power of the treasury department. The interrogations are based upon and minutely refer to testimony taken by the Meline commission.

Up to adjournment of senate and house yesterday there have been introduced in the senate 592 bills and sixteen joint resolutions, and the call of states for presentation of bills in the house for reference rests with the state of Pennsylvania. It is supposed that nearly one thousand more bills and joint resolutions will be introduced when both houses meet Monday.

The interior department officially notified the people of St. Paul and Kodiack island, off the coast of Alaska, that it is compelled by law to furnish them with medicines which they have formally petitioned for, because of lack of funds.

Three hundred vaccine points have been forwarded to the agent at Assiniboine Indian agency, where small pox is alarmingly prevalent.

The Turtle Mountain Indians in north Wisconsin are deranged with smallpox and as these Indians are not under any government agency they were allowed to roam and care for themselves as best they can. The war department has no funds available, or their relief.

Inspector Hayworth has arrived in the city and was at the interior department to-day. In an interview he says that in all his experience he never knew but one Indian who had been in Washington to go on the war path, he thought the power of the government was so supreme up to the line visiting the capital as to deter them from entering into war with the government.

Bills Introduced.

Among the 567 bills introduced in the house yesterday, was one by Townshend of Illinois, providing that hereafter no territory shall form a constitution or apply for admission as a state into the union until it shall contain a population equal to that required in a congressional district, in order to entitle it to representation in the house of representatives. The bill is, of course, primarily intended to head off expected applications from Dakota and Washington territories, and would also doubtless apply to New Mexico.

Under the title of "a bill to authorize the president to reserve from sale, or other disposition, certain timber lands in California," Representative Converse yesterday reintroduced his bill of the last congress, empowering the president to select from California public lands and set aside as public parks such tracts containing sequoia, or redwood, trees as he may deem proper, not exceeding two townships in the aggregate.

Keifer's Reception.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16.—The Ohio republican association gave a reception to the speaker to-night which was a most pleasant affair.

Pierola Resigned.

Rosas, new Peruvian minister, has received a telegram from Lima stating that Pierola has resigned the presidency of Peru and embarked for Europe

On a Mournful Trip.

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Cowboy Row at Caldwell.

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FOREIGN NEWS.

The London Times Issues Its Mandate on the Isthmus Canal.

ENGLAND CANNOT CONSENT TO ITS CONTROL BY AMERICA.

Heavy Loss of Life by Algerian Storms—Official Investigation of the Vienna Fire made and Reported—General Notes from Europe.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE OREGONIAN.]

LONDON, Sept. 17.—The *Times* admits Mr. Blaine's contention is not wholly unreasonable, but he is not taking precautions against any possible danger. If the United States cannot trust England, why should England be required to trust the United States? Temptation to a breach of faith is as remotely contingent in one case as in the other.

Fears of Foul Play.

PARIS, Dec. 17.—It is feared a young American who, a month ago, obtained circular notes amounting to considerable sum for a continental tour, has been struck south for the territory. A party of citizens followed, and at last accounts were in the vicinity of the four fleeing cowboys. It is likely they will be taken, and if brought back alive, nothing will save them from pulling hemp. The excitement here is intense, and the present disposition is to make aiders and abetters of the murderous gang, pull out from this neighborhood. Jim Talbot, who shot Meagher, in the fight with cow boys, was one of the leaders of the element that wanted to hang Danford without giving him an opportunity to settle.

Eastern Freight Situation.

NEW YORK, Dec. 17.—The clipper freight market continues fairly active and all of the shipsare doing a good business. The St. John is closing out and the White Reed will do so Tuesday. Rates are steady at previous quotations, and it is hardly probable that there will be any advance now that the season is so far along, but it is equally certain there will be no decline.

Isthmus freights are not over active. The steamer to sail hence Dec 22, has not yet arrived. However all her cargo is ready, including 300 tons muck bars.

Freights at Boston are quite lively. Shipments the past week 73119 packages fish, 30 cases canned goods, 25 barrels rum, 60 cases yeast powders, 250 cases canned fish.

At Philadelphia the market is dull and there is no vessel on berth, the Theobald having sailed early in the week.

Settling the Sprague Estate.

Ben Butler is to take the Sprague estate and pay out $2,000,000 to creditors, netting the latter nearly half their principal.

Completion of a New Road in Mexico.

World's Laredo: The track layers of the M. & T. extension completed laying their line to the limits of this city to-day. This gives an unbroken line of railway from the Mississippi at St. Louis to the Rio Grande at Laredo, making a through line of about 1300 miles in length. The southwestern system undertaken by Gould little more than a year ago has been completed from the Mississippi at St. Louis to three points, New Orleans bear the gulf, El Paso on the frontier of New Mexico, and Laredo about half way between these two. Mexico is now reached by an American railway line, which is rapidly concentrating at this point to commence the great work of pushing on seven hundred miles further to the city of Mexico. The engineers who have had this part of the work in charge have completed their preliminary survey, which is very favorable. The line will run through a rich mining and agricultural country. Extensive deposits of coal have been found on the line of the road, and such arrangements are making that the standard gauge railway line to be operated by the Missouri Pacific company from St. Louis through to the city of Mexico, 2,000 miles in length, may be expected to be completed and in operation in eighteen months from this time.

Shoveling the Time.

NEW YORK, Dec. 17.—The Southern Pacific railroad company is making arrangements for a very heavy traffic. It expects to carry wheat from San Francisco to Liverpool in 33 days, as against 150 days by the Cape Horn route.

Fire at New York.

A fire at 14, 16 and 18 Crosby street to-night caused a loss of $25,000 to H. E. Wallace, fancy goods, and $60,000 to Dessor Bros. & Co., clothiers. The building was damaged $25,000. All losses are covered by insurance.

Promoted.

CHICAGO, Dec. 17.—A. L. Stokes, general agent of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Co. here, has been appointed general agent of the Northern Pacific also.

Killed her Husband.

Alice Baddy (colored), wife of one Mefferis (white) shot him through the brain to-night, causing instant death. Both were of very unsavory repute and had lived unhappily for some time.

Sent to the Asylum.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Dec. 17.—Judge Barnard ordered Hallowsy, the defaulting teller of the bank of Poughkeepsie, to be taken to the Hudson river state hospital as an insane criminal, to be be brought out for examination as soon as the hospital authorities say he is in a proper condition.

For Irishmen's Sustenance.

NEW YORK, Dec. 17.—The executive committee appointed by the Irish American association at Chicago, met to-day. Col. Boland of Kentucky, presided. Resolutions were adopted setting forth that the executive committee was empowered by the Chicago convention to take all necessary steps for sustaining the people of Ireland in their present struggle, and to form a central organization to give concerted assistance to them while the struggle continues. The empowering the chairman of the committee to communicate with officers of the organization represented at the Chicago convention and ascertain their views as to forming a complete federation of those organizations. An appeal to friends of Ireland in America was prepared and copies ordered distributed calling for subscriptions to be sent the suffering people in Ireland.

Death of Dr. Hayes.

NEW YORK, Dec. 17.—Dr. Isaac I. Hayes, well known in connection with Arctic exploration, died to-day.

First Train to Superior City.

DULUTH, Dec. 17.—Vice President Oakes and party arrived at Superior City about noon to-day on the first train that ever entered that city. The party consisted of Vice President Oakes, Mr. Saunders, Judge Clough, General Manager Haupt and other distinguished gentlemen. Judge Clough, Vice President Oakes, Col. Hiram Hayes and others made speeches on the event. A large party from Duluth and other places went there to witness the arrival of the first train, consisting of an express, baggage and passenger car.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

CALIFORNIA.

County Clerk Stuart's Troubles.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 17.—Ex-County Clerk Wm. A. Stuart, who returned to the city a few days ago, was interviewed last evening by a Call reporter. Among other things Stuart said he came back to the city on his own volition and against the advice of his friends. He did not seek to cover up his return. On reaching here he sent for his legal adviser, who impressed him with the necessity of keeping quiet a few days until he had arranged matters. To the question of outstanding indebtedness, Stuart said: "You must excuse me if I profess not to be able to tell you just the amount. It was stated that I am involved to the extent of $60,000, but it is untrue; $30,000, yes $15 000, will cover the amount."

"How do you propose making good the deficit?"

"It will all eventually be made good; upon will be liquidated now; and I think that a satisfactory arrangement is already made."

It was stated that those of your personal political friends to whom you owed your nomination were instrumental in driving you into trouble, by foisting upon you opportunities. Is that so?

"No sir, it is not," was the response. "Those of my political friends who had always been identified with me, always sought to improve upon me the necessity for retrenchment, and if I had not been so tied up with other factions I should have taken their advice."

"Are you going to remain here?"

"Yes sir. I have made a mistake here and I am going to rectify it right here. When I left San Francisco I had less than $1000, not a cent of which came out of the county clerk's office. I first went to the east on business part of the state and then returned here. I then went east and took passage for Europe, but remained on land only six days. Returning I remained east three months and finally determined I would come back and face my troubles like a man.

Brief Notes.

E. J. Baldwin was arrested to-day on a charge of misdemeanor, in storing at his gas works a greater quantity of crude petroleum than permitted by law.

In foreclosure of a suit by the Hibernia Savings and Loan Society against Chas. C. Moore, judgment has been rendered for plaintiff in the sum of $8000.

To-day the police of Oakland made a raid on a Chinese settlement located near Twenty-second street and Push avenue and arrested 32. The charge preferred is that they maintained a nuisance by keeping opium dens and indulging in other degrading vices.

Murdered.

SONOMA, Dec. 17.—William Bergel who has for years kept a drinking house at the crossing of Sullivan's creek on the mountain road about two miles from this place, was murdered last night. The body was found in the rear of the house on Edge creek, his arms pinioned behind his back, a rope around his neck, and a shot thrown over his head, knife wound upon the right side of his neck, wound in the left ear, presumably made by a pistol bullet, and his face battered out of shape. Robbery was the probable motive, as no money was found in the house and the victim was known to have had some cash. No clue has yet been obtained of the perpetrators.

WEST INDIES.

Aiding him Off.

HAVANA, Dec. 17.—The Chinese consul-general here sailed for New York to-day for the purpose of assisting in preparations for the departure of the Chinese envoy at Washington.

SOUTH AMERICA.

The Peruvian Situation.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—The Peruvian minister here has received confirmation of the news that ex-Dictator Pierola left Peru ten days ago. His absence, the minister says, leaves Montero, who has been proclaimed vice president by the Peruvian congress, acting president so long as President Calderon is held a prisoner by the Chilians. Montero is now the only person with whom the Chilians can negotiate, and the situation at present is such that Peru is in better position than ever before to secure honorable and lasting peace with Chili.

THE TURF.

Chicago Races.

The Chicago Driving Park Association at a meeting this afternoon decided to offer stakes and purses for the summer meeting aggregating $18,950. The races will last from the 24th of June to July 4th. There are 28 events.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 17.—Sterling exchange on London bankers, 60 days, $4 80@4 80¼; do, sight, $4 84½@4 84¾.

Transfers—25@30.

NEW YORK, Dec. 17.—Sterling exchange, prime bankers', 60 days, $4 81; short, $4 85. Good commercial, 60 days, $4 80½; lower; documentary, 60 days, lower. U. S. Bonds—3's, 100½; 4½'s, 116½; 4's, 119½.

New York Stock Quotations.

NEW YORK, Dec. 17.—Silver bars, 112½; sold at 112½; offered 3; governments, weak; stocks, active but unsettled; N. Y. C., 135½; Erie, 43¾.

REAL ESTATE MARKET.

The following special report of the real estate market is furnished THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN by J. Noe Clark & Co., real estate agents:

The business of the past week compared with the preceding one, as shown by the county records, numbers 62 deeds with an aggregate consideration of $185,833 33, being a gain of 11 numbers of deeds, and in amount a gain of $21,733 33. The city proper bears the palm with 13 deeds and $93,204. County and suburban make the extraordinary showing of 19 deeds and $50,198.

Nothing more conclusively evidences the elasticity and strength of Portland real estate than the enormous amount of street improvements effected during the present year. It is safe to say the much improvements have resulted in appreciation of the properties on the improved streets to an amount far exceeding the sums expended.

We hear, however, on every side the opinion expressed that streets when once made should be taken care of by the city. For instance, the owners of Third street properties complain that no sooner was that street made, and it was for a time the finest avenue in the city, than the traffic from all other parallel streets was diverted to it, and the wear and tear became excessive. Under our existing capital laws the owners will of course be required to make good the street when it again becomes unfit for travel. The same complaint comes to us from all new streets, and is a hindrance and reason of opposition to many necessary street improvements. The opinion appears to us to be almost universal that the repairing and cleansing of the public streets after they are properly made should be done at the expense of the city, and that an ordinance to that effect is a public necessity.

The transactions recorded during the week are as follows:

City proper	13 deeds	$ 93 204 00
Country and suburban	11 "	6 198 00
South and Northwest	5 "	2 874 33
East Portland	13 "	14 277 00
Caruthers and Southward	1 "	1 650 00
Albina	6 "	960 00
St. John	1 "	300 00
Total	63 deeds.	$118,863 33

NEW YORK MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 17.—The usual quietude of the year pervades the market and as the close of the year draws nigh, there is less and less doing. Prices generally were steady and to a great extent nominal. The wheat market developes no new feature and remains in a state of almost total inactivity, as far as cash business is concerned, with very little promise of any material improvement, in the near future, and with prices considerably in excess of all buyers' limits, the export business remains at a stand.

Barley is fairly active and prices steady.

Provisions of all kinds are very dull and prices nominal.

Rio Coffee is fairly active and holders full of confidence and hold stocks firmly.

Refined Sugars are in good demand for soft grades at full rates, but hard are weaker.

Teas are without encouraging features, and on most of low grades buyers have the advantage.

Foreign Fruits of all descriptions, with the exception of currants and figs, are quiet and weaker, and raisins again lower; layers and loose, $2 50; London layers, $2 70; Valencias, 9c; new prunes, 7@8c.

Dried Apples are dull and easy.

Hops are quiet and prices nominal.

Hides are inactive and prices largely nominal.

Leather is in moderate demand and prices steady on heavy stock.

Borax is qu